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## LITERATURE.

*Virgil in English Verse.* Eclogues and Aeneid i.-vi. By Sir Charles Bowen. (John Murray.)

NEARLY three decades have elapsed since, among other triumphs, the Arnold prize essay on "Delphi" exhibited the scholarship, learning, and eloquent style of Mr. Bowen of Balliol; and now, after becoming a Lord Justice of Appeal, and visitor of his old college, he reverts to the perennial fountain, and translates half, and promises to translate the other half, of the works of Virgil. "Qui a bu, boira." It is a fresh and satisfactory proof that the love of classical masterpieces yields (as Mr. Goschen would say) "neither to Time nor to Crime," neither to the receding decades nor to the experiences of the judicial bench.

In a short preface, marked by great felicity of expression, Sir Charles Bowen reviews the fortunes of Virgilian translation. In his view, translators such as Dryden and Conington fail chiefly in the loss of Virgilian form. Of the former, he says that

"he has taken Virgil into his powerful grasp, crushed him into atoms, and reproduced the fragments in a form which, though not devoid of genius, is no longer Virgil's. The silver trumpet has disappeared, and a manly strain is breathed through bronze."

That is true, in the main; only, now and then, Virgil mastered Dryden, made sweetness come forth out of the strong, and caused some of his translator's lines to haunt the ear like his own. Of Conington, he says that

"when the first sensation of despair and novelty is past, a strong and lasting sense is borne in upon the student, as he progresses, of Conington's great literary skill, and of the finished accuracy with which Virgil's points and meaning are seized, understood, and rendered. But the sweet and solemn majesty of the ancient form is wholly gone. All that is left is what Virgil might have written if the Aeneid had been a poem of the character of 'Marmion' or the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'"

There is, perhaps, something more to be said for Conington, however far from final his version may be. Poems like "Marmion" or the "Lay" are the delight of boyhood and early youth; the taste for Virgil comes later. Yet I believe there is a closer affinity between the two tastes than might at first sight appear. Even for youth, the charm of Scott was not purely Homeric. It went beyond "the joy of eventful living," of battles and border-raids; there was an undertone of sadness thoroughly Virgilian. The hand that drew Dido and Turnus might well have clasped that which drew Constance Beverley and the Master of Ravenswood; for some of Virgil's dreamiest sighs—such as

"Te nenus Anguitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda,  
Te liquidi flevire lacus"

—I think Scott presents closer parallels, even in

form, than it would be easy to find elsewhere. And, holding this, I respectfully think that more, even of Virgil's form, may survive the loss of his metre, in Conington's version, than Sir C. Bowen allows. But I do not at all contest his view that much is irreparably sacrificed.

For an equivalent for the Latin, Sir C. Bowen turns his eyes—the late Lord Derby notwithstanding—to the English hexameter, of which he thinks that a combination of the skill of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne would make, "even in a prolonged poem, more than has as yet been deemed possible." But, if I mistake not, the latter poet has called English hexameters "ugly bastards." Be this as it may, Sir C. Bowen ventures upon the English hexameter, but with an important twofold modification. It must, he thinks, rhyme, if it is to attract the ears of English readers; and, if this be granted, the final spondee must be abbreviated into one long accented syllable. Only thus can we avoid the difficulty of making double rhymes dignified, and finding them in sufficient numbers. His hexameter, therefore, is an accentual hexameter catalectic. He illustrates it by changing Coleridge's well-known specimen:

"In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,"  
into

"In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery spray";

which, as he justly says, is very easily dealt with in rhyme; and, he adds that

"habit has taught an English ear to extract a pleasure from rhyme which is appreciable and valuable. Rhyme adds to our sense of adjustment and of nicety, and awakens in the reader an interest in the fortunes and success of each single line," &c.

This is undoubtedly true, but the question remains: Is the charm thus gained a Virgilian charm? Does the rhyming hexameter really remind one more of Virgil for its rhyming? Readers of the ACADEMY will judge for themselves from specimens shortly to be given. To me it appears that Virgil, except in a few passages, mostly in the Eclogues and Georgics, goes uncomfortably into couplets. The hardly avoidable pause produces a cadence very unlike the original; and a rhymed epic is apt to be fatiguing and monotonous in a way in which neither Virgil nor Homer, *qua* metre, ever are. The attraction of the Virgilian rhythm is very great, so is that of rhyme to an English ear; but they are attractions that cannot be combined. Hence, to some people, the cadence of (say) Canon Thornhill's blank verse translation will always seem to approach Virgil's more nearly than does that of Sir C. Bowen's delicately adjusted and graceful hexameter couplets.

There is no denying—sometimes, no resisting—the grace and beauty of many parts of his translation. Here is a passage from Eclogue x.—all of which Eclogue shows the translator at his best; Eclogue iv. ("Pollio"), though not without merit, is, on the whole, disappointingly rendered—it is the final farewell of Gallus to Lycoris:

"Thou—yet far be the fancy—remote from the land that is thine,  
Lookest on Alpine snows—cold heart—and the winters of Rhine,

Lonely, without my love. May frosts thy feebleness spare!  
Oh, may the splinters icy thy delicate feet forbear!

I will away; and the verses I wrought in the Chalcis mould  
Set to the pipe and the music of Sicily's shepherd of old.

Rather had I in the forest, the wild beasts' caverns among,  
Bear what awaits me, carving my love on the trees that are young,  
So, as the trees grow upward, my love shall grow with them too.

There, meanwhile, with the nymphs I will roam great Maenalus through,  
Hunting the savage boar. No frosts of the winter shall make

Me and my hounds cease ranging the high Parthenian brake.

Over the rocks, methinks, and the ringing covers I go,

Sweeping already in chase: with joy from the Parthian bow

Winging the Cretan arrow; as though this medicine healed

Love like mine! or the Love-god to human sorrow would yield!"

The fifth line appears flawed by the unnecessary spondee in the fifth place. Omitting "the," would not "Chalcidian" be better? But the rest gives thorough pleasure, and, so far as couplets permit, Virgilian pleasure too.

Now let us test the translator by another passage, where Virgil reaches the very acme of power, in Dido's final curse (pp. 213-14):

"Far from the land of his fathers, and torn from the arms of his child,

May he in vain ask succour, and watch his Teucrian band

Dying a death untimely! And when this warrior proud

Under the hard conditions of peace his spirit has bowed,

Neither of monarch's throne nor of sunlight sweet let him taste;

Fall ere time overtakes him, and tombless bleach on the waste.

This last prayer, as my life ebbs forth, I pour with my blood;

Let not thy hatred sleep, my Tyre, to the Teucrian brood;

Lay on the tomb of Dido for funeral offering this! Neither be love nor league to unite my people and his!

Rise, thou Nameless Avenger, from Dido's ashes to come,

Follow with fire and slaughter the false Dardanians home!

Smite them to-day, hereafter, through ages yet unexplored,

Long as thy strength sustains thee, and fingers cling to the sword!

Sea upon sea wage battle for ever! Shore upon shore,

Spear upon spear! To the sires and the children strife evermore!"

What is wanting, here? I think, a sense of unity in the curse. Virgil's is "linked" vindictiveness "long drawn out." His translator gives us a string of curses in succession, each an after-thought, so to speak. His rhyming hexameters are written in lines, not paragraphs. There is not, there could hardly be, sufficient *enjambement* of them.

Lastly, let us ask the translator to guide us down to the spirit-world with the Sibyl and Aeneas (p. 275):

"So unseen in the darkness they went by night on the road

Down the unpeopled Kingdom of Death and his ghostly abode,

As men journey in woods when a doubtful moon has bestowed

Little of light, when Jove has concealed in shadow the heaven,

When from the world by sombre Night Day's colours are driven.

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the gate of the dead, Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have built their terrible bed. There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and Old Age sorrowful-eyed, Fear and the temptress Famine, and hideous Want at her side, Grim and tremendous shapes. There Death with Labour is joined, Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the joys unclean of the mind. Murderous Battle is camped on the threshold. Fronting the door The iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied strife, evermore Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore."

Here there are some minor flaws; "joined" and "mind" are not satisfactory rhymes. "Labour" has hardly, in English, that double sense of *πάρος* which "labos" bears. But ll. 6-9 are excellent, and the whole passage finely pictorial and not unworthy of the original; indeed, there is more sustained power in the version of book vi. than elsewhere.

The language of the translation is, on the whole, singularly well chosen. If anything, it is a little too cautious and unadventurous. Not without some risk and effort can an English equivalent, in sound and sense, be found for

"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus Dardaniae."

There are many worse renderings than

"Troy's sun sets, and the hour no mortal strength can avoid"

Comes on the land of the Dardan."

Yet one feels that a better one would be possible to a bolder hand; and this, I think, is an impression which will often occur to the reader of a piece of work which it is quite superfluous to call scholarly and fine.

What a strange fate has befallen the most modest and self-depreciatory of poets! The poem, whose merits he so deeply distrusted, is an epic of the most artificial kind; its inspiration is not its own story, but the inferential glory of Rome and the imperial throne; its hero, if he occasionally shows something of Hector's quality, shows quite as often the spirit of Mr. Pecksniff; its debt to Homer, when all is said, exceeds the due license of borrowing; it is unfinished, unequal in everything except its management of the metre—and to give even a shadow or echo of it has been, and continues to be, the dream of gifted minds. Divines, professors, laureates, great lawyers, great statesmen—all have contended to be the mouthpiece of Virgil. And rightly; for, with the one exception of Shakspeare, he stands alone in his power to give voice to the feeling that underlies all poetry and all love of poetry—"the sense of tears in human things."

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

*Social Aspects of Christianity.* By B. F. Westcott. (Macmillan.)

THERE is a great demand at the present time for the opinions of the leaders of thought upon social questions. There is in the air a certain impatience, almost a disdain, of the functions of artist, poet, and priest, unless these servants of God can clearly prove themselves servants of men also, and servants not of some men only but of all men. And the

social questions which the spirit of the age will allow no one to neglect obtain their imperious claim to our attention from the existence in our midst of an obstinate mass of poverty and wretchedness. Whether this mass is proportionally greater or less than it has been previously in the world's history is not of consequence. The important fact is that the necessity of its existence is in our own day challenged by the conscience of the community, and men of all classes and professions come forward to declare that at all costs the scandal must cease.

Canon Westcott has never ignored this important sign of the times. "I know," he has said, "that there is about us the deep swelling of a noble discontent ready to sweep away much that mars the surface of society," and he has indirectly preached much on the subject. But the volume before us is the first of his which directly deals with the question; and as such is of very great interest. It consists of two series of sermons: the first, on "Christian Elements of Social Life," contains five discourses on the foundation, the family, the nation, the race, and the church; the second, on "Christian Organisation of Social Life," contains four discourses on the kingdom of God, mediæval efforts—the Franciscans, modern efforts—the Quakers, and present problems. An appendix is added on "Types of Service."

It is characteristically wise of Canon Westcott to define the elements of society before proceeding to organise it. He has said that "in life there is no fresh beginning, in life there is no possibility of repetition." The first series of sermons is addressed to reformers who would construct life afresh, the second to those who would repeat obsolete methods. For the teaching of the first series Canon Westcott is largely indebted to Comte's *Politique positive*, and to Maurice's *Social Morality*. Of the former he says:

"I found in it a powerful expression of many salient features of that which I had long held to be the true social embodiment of the Gospel, of a social ideal which the faith in Christ is alone, I believe, able to realise."

Of Maurice's book he tells us:

"I should find it hard to say how much I owe to it directly and by suggestion."

Now there is more than a noble Catholicity in this appeal to such opposite guides. It is admirably politic; it reminds those who regard the preservation of the family as unimportant, and not vital to social life, that they have against them not only the priest-ridden and old fashioned; and it reminds the religious world how holy and sacred this question of social organisation has ever been felt to be by the wisest minds. The sermons are the result of a careful and thorough study of the work of Comte and Maurice in the same field; and it is therefore not surprising that they present us in a narrow compass with an admirable analysis of the elements of social life—an analysis which is specially needed at the present time, because orthodox economists think it outside their province. Canon Westcott's terse and earnest sermons will convince many that a hatred of "the spirit of isolating competition, which is eating away the old repose and nobility of English life," has no

necessary connexion with an imperfect appreciation of the value of the family and the nation.

But it is the second series of sermons that will be found most interesting by the majority of readers. The two sermons on Francis of Assisi and George Fox are exquisite examples of the union of learning and eloquence, equally valuable as historical criticisms and spiritual exhortations. It is impossible to detect which hero Canon Westcott himself prefers. In the work of St. Francis, whom he describes as "a living *Imitatio Christi*," he discovers three lessons—"the capacity of simple humanity for the highest joys of life," "the necessity of taking account of the fulness and variety of life in our endeavour to hasten the kingdom of God"; and "the importance of the mission of the laity." "We sorely need all three lessons now," says the preacher, but goes on to point out why the Socialism of Francis failed. "He disregarded the sacred individuality of men," and forgot that "the living God seeks the service of living men"; and this criticism is followed by a noble sermon on the individualism of the Quakers. George Fox "made clear beyond question the power of the simplest spiritual appeal to the consciousness of men," and established the fundamental fact that "no organism, however delicately constructed, can summon to itself the principle of life." But although "no religious order can point to services rendered to humanity more unsullied by selfishness or nobler in far-seeing wisdom," yet Quakerism failed, because it "left wholly out of account the larger life of the Church and the race," because it "disinherited the Christian Society," and "maimed the Christian man." It is the opposite one-sidedness of St. Francis and George Fox which caused their failure, and it is such a one-sidedness which the sermon on "Present Problems" warns us against. This sermon proposes a special method of meeting our present difficulties. The work of the Franciscans and Quakers proves the power and necessity of organisation; and Canon Westcott calls for the creation of "some fellowship which shall strike the imagination," and sketches, not the rules, but the "main characteristics" of the proposed order. The fellowship must be natural, "must not depend for its formation or its permanence on any appeals to morbid or fantastic sentiment"; it must be English; it must be comprehensive; "must banish the strange delusion by which we suppose that things temporal and spiritual can be separated in human action"; it must be social, open, rational, and, above all, spiritual. The statement of the evils such a fellowship would combat precedes the sketch we have summarised, and affords a notable example of the right treatment of national politics in the pulpit. One short paragraph we will quote: "We are suffering on all sides, and we know that we are suffering, from a tyrannical individualism. This reveals itself in social life by the pursuit of personal pleasure; in commercial life by the admission of the principle of unlimited competition; in our theories of life by the acceptance of material standards of prosperity and progress. . . . The 'great industries' have cheapened luxuries and stimulated the passion for them. They have destroyed the human fellowship of craftsman and chief.



They have degraded trade, in a large degree, into speculation. They have deprived labour of its thoughtful freedom, and turned men into 'hands.' They have given capital a power of dominion and growth perilous above all to its possessor."

It is impossible to criticise Canon Westcott's proposals adequately in a short review. His two series of sermons cover their ground so thoroughly, are so condensed in themselves and necessary to each other, that it is almost hopeless to summarise them. No book Canon Westcott has yet published displays so clearly his varied gifts, and unites so happily the student's knowledge and love of the past with the prophet's interest in the present and insight into the future. He has, moreover, the essential prophetic grace of humility. To ardent young reformers whose ignorance is their confidence and their inexperience their strength, how surprising will the words seem: "I know how utterly unworthy I am to speak of such a fellowship when I look back upon a life of fragmentary efforts and barren convictions." But it is Canon Westcott's comprehension of the magnitude and difficulty of his problem which makes his teaching vital and valuable, and his assurance full of encouragement, that what "seemed a dream in my own early youth has been, I believe, brought now within the reach of accomplishment." RONALD BAYNE.

*The Tshi-speaking Peoples of the Gold Coast of West Africa.* By A. B. Ellis, Major. 1st West India Regiment. (Chapman & Hall.)

IF not the most entertaining, this is certainly the most mature and valuable of the various works Major Ellis has found sufficient time and energy to devote to the peoples of West Africa amid his professional duties in that enervating climate. In several respects it recalls Mr. im Thurn's excellent book on the Indians of British Guiana, both being permanently useful studies of aboriginal tribes at a low state of culture, especially from the psychological standpoint, executed in the light of the new philosophy. The principles laid down by such leaders of thought in this field as Spencer, Lubbock, Tylor, and Waitz are here applied with striking effect, although these writers are by no means blindly followed in all their speculations. Indeed, Major Ellis shows considerable originality in his treatment of natural religion, with which much the greater part of the book is occupied.

Nowhere is this more conspicuous than in the chapter on fetishism, regarding which so many misconceptions are still prevalent even among sound thinkers. It is here made evident that fetishism is neither the degraded outcome of some pure form of theism originally revealed to primitive man, as strangely argued by Max Müller; nor yet an initial phase of religious belief, as more generally assumed. It holds, on the contrary, a sort of intermediate position between crude spirit-worship and the later polytheism of the more highly cultured peoples. But to understand this it is necessary to understand what fetishism really is, not what it is supposed to be from the vague statements of travellers and missionaries, themselves deceived by the still vaguer and more incoherent statements of the

natives. It is Major Ellis's signal merit that, brushing aside all preconceived notions, he has gone direct to the primary sources of information and solved the riddle by intelligently questioning on the spot all the circumstances associated with this widespread form of belief. So difficult is it to get at the inner workings of the untutored savage mind that it took him years of patient inquiry to get rid of his own prejudices and at last arrive at the truth. Speaking of the so-called "fetish-tree," which, like all other observers, he long supposed to be something worshipped for itself, but afterwards discovered was merely planted as a shade for the local deity, he remarks:

"This explanation was so much at variance with my former ideas, and with all I had heard and read upon the subject, that I received it with extreme caution; and it was only after a series of inquiries extending over some months that I suffered myself to be convinced. Still, my first opinion had not been formed hastily. Although it was the opinion generally held by Europeans, I had made numerous inquiries on my own account; and it was only after an acquaintance with the Gold Coast extending over some four or five years that by a mere chance I was led to doubt its correctness. Nor was this the only time such a thing has happened to me. Time after time I have thought I had grasped the native idea concerning a religious matter, and have gone on working thereon only to find, perhaps months afterwards, that I had misconceived it most materially, and had gone off completely on a wrong scent. In fact, a man who has only the acquired customs of human nature to guide him constantly and necessarily fails to understand the ideas and motives of savages, until he has learnt by practice the instincts of savage nature."

The final inferences of an observer of this calibre cannot fail to inspire confidence; and even the most sceptical will at least listen with respect to what he has to say on the origin and general aspects of fetishism as clearly summed up in the subjoined passage:

"I must confess that I do not believe that fetishism, as understood by the advocates of the necessity of a primordial fetishism, ever existed. I do not believe that man first gained or formed a conception of the existence of superhuman or supernatural powers from a stone, or any such object, which he picked up at random or by choice. Certainly if this theory be based upon the supposition of the existence of such a state of things among the negroes of the Gold Coast, or of West Africa generally, it has, I think, no foundation whatever. Nor do I think that fetishism, the worship of tangible and inanimate objects, is at all characteristic of primitive peoples, or of races low in the scale of civilisation. It is arrived at only after considerable progress has been made in religious ideas, when the older form of religions becomes secondary, and owes its existence to the confusion of the tangible with the intangible, of the material with the immaterial; to the belief in the indwelling god being gradually lost sight of, until the power, originally believed to belong to the god, is finally attributed to the tangible and inanimate object itself."

Another point here well brought out is the primordial and fundamental difference between morality and mere religion, as shown, for instance, by the distinction between crime and sin, perfectly understood by the Gold Coast people. The gods are concerned only with sin, such as blasphemy or the neglect of their

service, being perfectly indifferent to the most atrocious crimes, such as murder, theft, arson, cowardice before the enemy, which affect the individual and the well-being of the social system alone. Hence the apparent anomaly that the lower forms of religion have not furthered but retarded human progress, which as it slowly advanced reacted favourably on the religions themselves, as well as on morals, by developing the sense of duty as a higher motive for rectitude than the hope of rewards or the fear of punishment. Hence also the still more curious anomaly, that in its own interest the priesthood at first and for a long time fostered the grossest superstitions, and instead of promoting morality was itself mainly corrupt. Like the Roman augurs of old, the West-African priests and priestesses are here shown to be clearly impostors, preying on the credulity of their votaries and openly leading licentious lives. Thus, the medicine-men are frequently called in to compass the death of persons hostile to the suppliants, the aid thus obtained being justified on the ground that in such cases the gods appealed to naturally side with their special votaries, in return for their homage and offerings. In this way is created an obliquity of mental vision as regards right and wrong, while

"besides the ordinary obstructing influences to progress exercised by most religions, and especially by those of the lower races, the religion of the peoples of the Gold Coast, by its direct authorisation of human sacrifices and ordeals, and the consequent frequent spectacle of scenes of bloodshed and cruelty, has produced among the natives a want of human sympathy, and a callousness at human suffering which is shocking to contemplate."

The gods of the Gold Coast natives, of whom a classification, or hierarchy, as it were, is here given, are shown to have all been originally malignant. A fresh illustration is thus given of the old saying that "timor fecit deos," where it would be more frank and honest to read "daemones" for "deos." At all events these so-called "gods" act much more like foul fiends or horrible monsters than divine entities, such as are worshipped by more refined or more highly civilised peoples. All are essentially anthropomorphic, and cannot be regarded as supernatural or superhuman beings, but only praeterhuman, mostly, but not always, invisible, and in varying degrees more powerful than ordinary mortals. The idea of the supernatural is a sublime conception, far beyond the capacity of the savage mind; and, until this obvious truth is thoroughly grasped, we shall never arrive at right conclusions regarding the origin and early growth of religious beliefs. Instead of trying to put themselves in the position of primitive man, most writers on the subject unwittingly judge him from their own immensely higher standpoint, and thus read into his infantile mind abstract notions which he can neither realise in thought, nor express in his concrete speech.

A short chapter is devoted to the Tshi language, of which two distinct varieties are current: one among the Fantis, Ahantas, and other coast tribes; the other, of more archaic type, among the Northern Ashantis, Gamans, and other inland peoples stretching for an unknown distance in the direction of

the Kong highlands and the Mandingan domain. Its structure is extremely simple; and, like all primitive forms of speech, it serves to throw some light on the development of the higher agglutinating and inflecting languages. Thus from the form *ekru-mu*, contracted to *ekru-m*=land-interior—in the land, it is easy to see how certain case-endings may have grown out of originally independent words. There is, of course, a great paucity of abstract terms, and only three colours—white, black, and red—are distinguished by special names. On the other hand, the facility of composition is considerable, many compound words being extremely clear and simple. Thus a "guide" is *akwancherifo*, literally a road-show-person; a creditor *adzifirifo*=property-lend-person, and so on.

Reference is made to the curious "drum-language," which is much more widespread, and applied to many more uses than might be supposed from the account here given. The Ba-Kwiri and other tribes of the Cameroons, for instance, use it not only for festive or warlike purposes, but also for the rapid transmission of ordinary news. It is a true language, very difficult to learn, which is never taught to slaves and seldom to the women, and which no European appears to have yet succeeded in mastering. To the initiated it is as intelligible as ordinary language, into which it is translatable; and, by its means, reports of all kinds are easily and rapidly communicated from tribe to tribe to the remotest extremities of the land.

A. H. KEANE.

*The Merchant of Venice.* Edited by H. C. Beeching. (Rivingtons.)

MR. BEECHING'S *Julius Caesar* was not only an excellent school-book, but a model of good Shakspeare editing for all readers; and his *Merchant of Venice* is no less. The result of his work is an accurate and interesting commentary. Not that he deals less liberally with philology than do most of his predecessors, for he apparently has all the latest information, and gives it whenever it is needed; but his notes preserve the right proportion, and the concordance is quoted only when it is necessary to throw light on the text. The fact is that Mr. Beeching understands his task to be, not the editing of merely the text of the "Merchant of Venice" or of "Julius Caesar," but the "Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Caesar" themselves, as plays—not overlooking their importance in relation to great laws of dramatic construction, their importance as works of art, representations of actions complete in themselves, nor neglecting to make clear by historical and comparative philology the language in which the story tells itself.

It is, of course, one thing to like a play and make it liked, and another thing to use it as an instrument of education. Mr. Beeching does everything to stimulate the interest which any reader might feel in the "Merchant of Venice" as a story, encouraging him to think as well as enjoy, without inviting him to a de-appetising feast of dry bones. The first business of an editor is to make his author's meaning clear. The editor of this book has certainly laboured well to that end

His notes leave nothing to be desired; and his glossary is full and even interesting, which is not the wont of glossaries.

One would like to see prefixed to all editions of Shakspeare's plays the "advertisement" written by Mr. Beeching to "Julius Caesar." It would be at least worth the while of any teacher or lecturer to give his students the substance of it. The same editor's introduction to "The Merchant of Venice," and his comments on the development of the play, are suggestive applications of his own enlightening method. Commentators and introduction-writers often seem to think that many generalities and much mock-subtlety of German-like criticism of "characters" are enough to remove the reproach of an excessive and paralysing devotion to philology. The editor in the present case gives briefly and clearly the history of the story, examines its fitness for dramatic purposes, its use as a means for the representation of character, its *deus, locus, periπέτεια*, and the rest, and its *differentiæ* as a work of art that is dramatic. Nothing more is needed, and nothing less. It is quite satisfactory treatment even when, as may be the case here, a reader may differ from his editor in matters of character-interpretation. For instance, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Beeching has misread Shakspeare's Antonio and Shylock by adopting what was undoubtedly the interpretation of the author's contemporaries, but has not lately been fashionable, except with a certain kind of Conservatism. But, while one may reasonably differ from Mr. Beeching in his interpretation, his points are so put that they easily suggest the considerations that may be regarded as refuting them.

It is not worth while, in reviewing a book of this kind, not primarily meant as an essay in interpretative criticism, to examine at length the editor's opinion in such matters. I feel free, however, to express my regret that the admirable Appendix I., which gives briefly all that is necessary of the elements of Shakspeare "scansion," should have been followed by Appendix II., which is a hardly desirable and certainly *ex parte* statement that can only be made quite harmless by its proper complement—any good "modern" history of the Jews. This is, however, a small matter, and in no way affects the general excellence of Mr. Beeching's book, which is all that his previous work led those who knew it to expect. P. A. BARNETT.

*The Irish in Australia.* By James Francis Hogan. (Ward & Downey.)

FOLLOWING to some extent the lines of *The Irish in America*, Mr. Hogan goes more into the beginning of things than did Mr. Maguire. Of course, Mr. Maguire spoke of the emigrants from Ulster (mostly Presbyterians) who were driven out by the doubled-edged persecution of the eighteenth century, and whose share in the War of Independence has not yet been fully set forth. I do not think he said more than a word about Maryland and the earlier settlements of Irish in the South. His book, indeed, was almost wholly taken up with the period during and since the great famine.

Mr. Hogan could not write about New South Wales without reminding us of the

hundreds of Irish who, under martial law, were sent over after '93. The history of their sufferings—of the worse than middle passage, which, in some cases, was fatal to three-fourths of the human cargo; of the insurrections, repressed with cruelty born of fear; of the idle talk of French invasion—has yet to be written. Mr. Rusden said far too little about it. Mr. Hogan is sure, "from closer inquiry into facts" (p. 229), that "Colonial Vinegar Hill" was no more "Irish" than was the outbreak of Ballarat miners in 1854, the former being due to the brutality of heartless overseers, as the latter was to the insulting way in which the licence-fee was enforced and all hearing of grievances pooh-poohed by Sir C. Hotham. I have not the facts. When Mr. Rusden's book was published I made an effort to get from Dublin some official record of the circumstances under which the '98 men were transported; but I was told I was asking an impossibility: "They were, in most cases, convicted without ordinary trial, all that was done contrary to law being covered by an indemnity passed for the purpose." Such being the case, and "General" Holt's Memoirs being, therefore, the only available supplement to the Colonial archives, I feel that, if there had been no "Colonial Vinegar Hill" it would have been a marvel almost past belief. No true Irishman "fears to speak of '98"; and no Irish-Australian should endeavour to belittle the attempts of the '98 exiles. Happily those attempts, whatever they amounted to, were fruitless. It is far better for Ireland, for England, and for the world that a greater Ireland, perfected through suffering, should have grown up at the antipodes, and should now be a powerful agent in proving to England that the Irish are capable of self-government, than that either France should have become a power in Australia or that Ireland should be a French dependency. But, when priests like Father Dixon and Father Harold, of Dublin, were among the convicts, though they had used all their efforts to restrain their flocks; when, to celebrate mass was made penal, and the punishment for not going to church was twenty-five lashes for the first offence, fifty for the next, and so on; when, as late as 1817, Father O'Flinn, to whom Bishop Ullathorne (who came to Australia in 1835) bears such high testimony, had to keep in hiding like an English priest in Elizabeth's reign; when "it was fifty lashes to speak a word of Irish," one could not be astonished at the wildest hopes and the most frantic efforts. Happily (I repeat the word) the energies of the Irish in Australia were soon turned into more profitable channels. Thanks (says Mr. Hogan) to the representations of an Irishman, Bishop England, of Charleston, the government sent out, in 1819, two salaried and accredited priests, who were grudgingly allowed to say mass, though Governor Macquarie still managed to keep them from meddling with orphan schools. Non-convict Irish emigrants, too, began to arrive; though for a long time the prejudice against the Irish was so strong that it had to be met by subtlety. Even in the assisted Queensland emigration the Irish were boycotted up to 1861. Father Dunne, who emigrated 500 King's County evicted tenants, had to buy his "land orders" without saying



for whom he required them. From South Australia, where the Irish have since been so successful, they were, under the Gibbon Wakefield scheme of 1836, rigorously excluded. Even during Mrs. Chisholm's work, the Melbourne city council prayed the Queen to stop the immigration of Irish girls—the very girls in whose favour Mr. Sala testifies that the “no Irish need apply is reversed at the antipodes”! However, the past is past, and may well be left to the historian. The rapid growth of the island continent has already made it an old, old story. The existence of this greater Ireland is a fact; and for those who face the matter honestly there is no menace, but a sure consolation, in the certainty that in Australia, even more unmistakably than in America, this greater Ireland is now strongly anti-separatist, while at the same time it is Nationalist to a man.

That is why I hope Mr. Hogan's book will be widely read by English people, because he shows, not only that many Irishmen have done splendidly in Australia, but that of the great mass of Irish emigrants it may be affirmed (in the Hon. Michael O'Grady's words to A. M. Sullivan) “they are all doing well—a credit to the old land”; that (as Mr. Hogan says, p. 346) “the signal all-roundability they have displayed in the work of both local and general government is little less than marvellous, considering the previous absence of any adequate training for such positions of authority and responsibility.” Of course his book will be popular with those of his own blood. They will enjoy his crisp, racy style. The very absence of “authorities”—of that apparatus of quotations which is such a comfort (sometimes such a snare) to us country critics—will be a recommendation to many. He has assimilated his facts, and need not therefore be at the pains to show us how he came by them. They will delight in the grand history of “the Church in the Colonies.” Archdeacon McEncroe, Father Therry, Archbishop Goold, Bishop Quinn, and scores more, are men whose ability and organising power, not to speak of their zeal and self-devotion, would be a credit to any church; nor will the Nationalist forget that not only Archbishop Walsh, but also Archbishop Croke, is a present to the old country from the antipodes.

If any think that Mr. Hogan (like Mr. Maguire before him) says more than he need about the Catholic Church—its orphanages girdling every city, its new sisterhood (of St. Joseph), its glorious metropolitan church, &c.—let him reflect what their church has been to the Irish in new lands—all that the “Saggarth aroon” ballad expresses and much more. One slander Mr. Hogan is able triumphantly to refute. Nobody dreams of denying the marvellous self-denial of the Australian Irish and their sacrifices for the old country (they sent £50,000 for the famine of '79). The Catholic churches, which are such a feature in the Ireland of to-day, owe much of their beauty, in some cases their very existence, to Australian contributions. Much rent has till quite lately been paid with Australian remittances. But those to whom it is gall and wormwood to have to confess that any good thing can come out of Ireland console themselves for the undeniable fact that much good has come back to Ireland from her children on the other side of the world

by insinuating that the Irish over there are simply “hewers of wood and drawers of water,” herding in Irish quarters, counterparts of the old “rookeries” at home. Anthony Trollope was told of such an Irish quarter in Melbourne. He did not trouble himself to see it. Mr. Hogan proves that, far from herding in one quarter, the Melbourne Irish are so spread over its dozen municipal districts that every council has three or more Irish members. It is the same everywhere. Perhaps the most Irish district in Australia is Kilmore, a fertile valley on the way from Melbourne to Sydney; and Kilmore, which sent Sir John O'Shanassy to Parliament, is as far removed as possible from being a “rookery.” It is only the invincible ignorance of the English Philistine that can speak slightly of a race which turns out men like Sir Redmond Barry, Chancellor of Melbourne University, and Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald, thirty years Melbourne town clerk—not to speak of politicians like Sir C. Gavan Duffy, the Hon. P. Lalor (ex-leader of the insurgent miners at Ballarat), Mr. W. C. Wentworth, Judge Casey, of the Lands' Department, Mr. W. O'Carroll, of Brisbane, and many even more notable than these. The Orangemen, indeed, have given trouble in Australia as in Ireland; but much may be expected from the conscientious carrying out of the Peace Preservation Act. With the disuse of party emblems, we may hope for the decay of party spirit; for, in the words of Rev. J. Milner (chaplain of the *Galatea*, who witnessed the Orange riots at Melbourne on the occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit in 1867),

“it is a question whether the constant irritation and annoyance inflicted on their enemies by Orangemen in their noisy celebrations has not had a much greater effect in producing Fenianism than all other grievances, fancied or real, put together.”

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*A Breton Maiden.* By a French Lady, Author of “Till my Wedding-day.” In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*An Actress's Love-Story.* By Eva Ross-Church (Mrs. Victor Stevens). With a Preface by Florence Marryat. In 2 vols. (White.)

*The Heir of Linno.* By Robert Buchanan. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

*A Nest on a Hill.* By John Dunning. (Sonnenschein.)

*The Pride of the Paddock.* By Hawley Smart. (White.)

*Dead, yet Speareth.* By Dr. Saks. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

*Whose Wife shall She be?* the Story of a Painter's Life. By James Stanley Little. (Spencer Blackett.)

BUT for the assurance of the title-page, we should certainly have supposed the novel which stands first on our list to have been the work of a native of Brittany; as it is, it is evident that the author has made the province, with its people, manners, and customs—those manners and customs which, alas, are fast becoming matters of mere history!—the subject of close and careful study, for she

writes as one to the manner born. The plot is laid during the early days of the Terror. In fact, the action begins before the murder of Louis XVI.; and the attitude of both peasants and nobles, when all refused to believe that the rebels could ever stand against the royal power, is cleverly described. While, as the story pursues its gloomy course through the subsequent horrors of fire, sword, and rapine, considerable dramatic force is shown; and we become absorbed in the destinies of the various actors, gentle and simple, all of which are strongly marked and living creations, even down to the very soldiers of the insurgent forces. Renée de Kerguennec, the last of her ancient line, could hardly be surpassed as a heroine of romance. Beautiful, spirited to the verge of daring, yet thoroughly womanly withal, she engrosses our love and compassion from the first; and all must rejoice when her trials come to a happy ending. Nothing could be better in its way than the scene in which she and Loik save the old *cure* from the men who are in search of her escaped lover, unless it be her escape through the woods, when, in gratitude, she gives the young officer the kiss which she would not suffer him to snatch. De Valvourgs, the sprightly Provençal gentleman who wins her first affections, is also a good study. It seems a pity that he could not have been spared; but we suppose that there was no other way of releasing Renée from her betrothal vows, and, of course, it was necessary to clear the stage for Rohan de Carnoët, the real hero of the piece. He is a splendid fellow—a mixture of prudence and impulsiveness as regards his public life, and the very model of a fine gentleman in his private conduct. What could be more noble and pathetic than the way in which he crushes down his own heart, lest, even in thought, he might wrong the friend who trusted him, but had unwittingly robbed him of the one love of his life? The other characters are equally well drawn in their degree, notably the peasant-priest and his family and the faithful Ivon—a noble picture of a true man bearing obloquy and disgrace without a murmur, for the sake of fidelity to his trust. It is a striking situation in which, on All Souls' night, Renée accidentally discovers the truth. But time and space alike would fail us to note the many fine points of this admirable novel. We must content ourselves with drawing attention to the midnight mass at sea—had they a special dispensation, or was it merely the pressure of necessity that made the function quasi-lawful?—the storming of Kerguennec, the game of the *Soule*, and the peasant wedding. These last-named are specially noteworthy as picturesque descriptions of Breton customs in the past; and, in fact, whenever kindred topics are touched upon throughout the novel they are treated with singular vividness. The native chants and songs must have interest for all lovers of old lore, as in the instance of the lament for De Pontcalec. Altogether, this is a book which nobody ought to miss. We could have dispensed with the rather turgid eulogium on the “Marseillaise”; and there are one or two funny verbal slips, as when the people are said to have been “thankful at last to slaunch their thirst with water”—of course, the author meant *quench*. But these are but trifling blemishes in a fine work.

Pleasure, not unmixed with sadness, must be the feeling on laying down *An Actress's Love-Story*. It is such a pretty and touching little romance of modern life, and replete with so much promise for the future, that one cannot but add a sigh to the thought that that future was never to be realised. Even had it not been for the specially pathetic circumstances under which the gifted author of the preface gives her lost daughter's work to the world, no competent judge of fiction could have hesitated for a moment in saying that it bears all the marks of inherited talent, and has but little of the crudeness which might have been reasonably expected in a first production. Both Maurice Inglewood and Myra Kenneth are sympathetic figures in the little drama in which they, together with Gerald Conyers, play the principal parts; and, even if the reader cannot quite forgive the heroine for her conduct as regarded her marriage, great allowances are to be made for one acting from a sense of duty, however mistaken, and all will wish pretty Myra happiness. Apart from the more sentimental interest, there is genuine humour in the conception of the merry, kind-hearted actress, Cherry Boyne; and we are not going to quarrel with the plot by which she secured her friend's stage success, even if it was a trifle immoral. The story is one to be read, and its interest is enhanced by the facts relating to its authorship. We think the general verdict will be that in Eva Ross-Church the world has lost one who might have become as noteworthy in fiction as all who had the privilege of the dead girl's acquaintance knew her to have been good and gracious in private life, and in her own walk of art.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has just missed writing an unusually good novel; and, as it is, there is enough in his latest effort to raise it far above the average run of modern stories. The descriptions of Scottish life and character at the middle of the present century are taking and lifelike; Robin is quite satisfactory enough as a hero; Marjorie is a pleasant, loveable heroine; and the half-crazed enthusiast, Willie McGillvray, is a distinct creation—it seems by no means impossible that he may have been drawn from the life. The plot turns upon one of those cases of illegitimacy which were the almost inevitable result of the lax state of the old Scottish marriage laws. The hard-hearted laird of Linne refuses to do justice to the girl, Lizzie Campbell, whom he had wronged under promise of wedlock. She and her boy start for Canada, and are supposed to be lost on the voyage; but, as all novel readers will anticipate, Robin turns up, after long years, just in time to witness his repentant father's death, to marry Marjorie, and to gain his own, thereby ousting a most objectionable nephew of the deceased, who had fancied himself sure of the inheritance. It seems more than doubtful whether, at the time of the hero's birth, such cohabitation as was admitted to have taken place would not have rendered his mother the laird's wife in the eyes of the law. And we should rather like to know how the surname of one brother came to be Mossknow, and that of the other Linne. There may be a satisfactory explanation, but this ought to have been given. The story is somewhat hurried up at the end. What

became of poor, deserted Mary? Did she follow her scoundrelly husband?

A well-intentioned, but rather dull story, turning on the existing state of agricultural affairs, is that by Mr. Dunning. He states, in an introductory preface, that it was intended "to meet what appears to me to be the pressing need of our time," and a few lines further on, that "All practical men, to whatsoever political party they may belong, recognise the fact that the power of the democracy is increasing and irresistible." We will not stop to inquire whether this latter statement does not partake somewhat of the nature of a *petitio principii*. The chief point to be considered is that Mr. Osmund Broughton's farming schemes and experiences are uninteresting to read about, and not particularly well described, while the author obtrudes his own personality far too much. By-the-bye, was Mr. Broughton's Christian name Osmund or Oswald? It appears in both forms (pp. 36, 38, 39).

Messrs. F. V. White & Co. seem to make quite a speciality of sporting novels; and, while they can give us such good ones as Mr. Hawley Smart's last, there is no reason why they should not continue in their chosen line. Perhaps some readers may be getting a little satiated with descriptions of runs with the hounds; but the most *blasé* must enjoy the account of the meet at Tapperley, with the perilous adventure of Harrington Brook, in which Miss Beatrice Bridgeman so nearly came to fatal grief. To many the chief interest of the story will centre in the loves of that young lady and Harry Beringer, and in her jealousy of pretty Rose Rawlinson. "The Pet of the Paddock," we may mention, was a certain ill-looking, thoroughbred mare, bought for a song from a distressed farmer, which turned out worth her weight in gold. How came the author to make such a slip in his French as at p. 82? He must know that the proper phrase is *à outrance*!

At the close of his little budget of improbabilities, Dr. Saks describes the whole affair as "grisly and horrible"—had he added "preposterous" he would have been quite within limits. It is about as trashy a specimen of the shilling dreadful as ever appeared. Here is a worthy and genial old country doctor who, to oblige his scapegrace son, murders his own brother (it is not stated how); contrives to substitute the latter's mangled remains for the corpse of a newly buried tramp, without being observed; and then dies of fright on being found out, while the tramp turns out to have been a "long-lost brother" to both the murderer and his victim. The style is about on a par with the matter; and we would fain hope that the author is ignorant of the meaning of the word he uses at p. 146—in the interests of the morality of the good ladies of Scarsdale.

We do not profess to understand the title of Mr. Little's story, and are sorry that we can say but little in its favour. Ralph Legh, the hero, is rather a commonplace young gentleman, and the adventures he goes through are not particularly amusing; even the episode of the lovely but treacherous Mignon does not rise above the level of old-fashioned melodrama. The chief thing that strikes one is the singular prevalence of

sudden death among the characters. Setting aside Lady Le Thorpe, who had a short preliminary illness, the author disposes in that manner of Capt. Brentnall, old Sir John, Webster Clayton, and Grace Harland, while Ralph himself must have had as many lives as a cat. There is far too much talker-talker in the book. When we are reading a story we do not expect, or wish, that the author should at any moment set to work and preach at us for a page or more.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

#### SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

"A Sketch of Universal History." In 3 vols. —Vol. I., *Ancient History*, by George Rawlinson; Vol. II., *Mediæval History*, by G. T. Stokes; Vol. III., *Modern History*, by Arthur St. George Patton. (C. W. Deacon.) There is perhaps something tempting to ridicule in the idea of an outline of "universal history" in the compass of about eleven hundred smallish octavo pages; but there are at least two widely differing plans on which such a book might usefully be written. It might deal merely with broad and general facts, omitting all mention of any individual events except such as were extensively operative as causes or illustrative of widely extended effects, but dwelling on these with sufficient minuteness to bring out something of their true significance. A book so written, with sufficient skill and fulness of knowledge, would obviously be of great interest and value; but it is a boon scarcely to be hoped for. The other plan is to make the book a mere orderly collection of the dry bones of universal history—a mere setting forth of its framework of names and dates, reigns of kings, battles and treaties, and so forth. Such a skeleton of history would not be readable, but it would be helpful for occasional reference, especially to those engaged in the study of a portion of the history of a particular country. The latter method is, on the whole, that which has been followed in the work before us. The publishers, indeed, in their prefaces (which are rather commercial than literary in style), appear to anticipate that people will read the volumes through. We do not think anyone is likely to do so (in this present world, at least); but for purposes of reference the work may be recommended. The modern history volume is the most bulky, and—perhaps partly on that account—is decidedly the best. It is not a book from which to learn history, but it is the kind of book which a journalist should have constantly at his elbow. Prof. Stokes's volume is a disappointing one. It is well known that the author is both a scholar and an interesting writer; but neither fact could be guessed from this sample of his work. Apparently he has been oppressed by the necessity of making his epitome as concise as possible, and as the result we get such sentences as the following:

"The best known Western authors of this period were Boethius, Junilius (!), Jornandes (Jordanis), Gildas, Columbanus, Pope Gregory I., Isidore of Seville, Gregory of Tours, Caesiodorus, Adamnan, Bede, Alcuin, and Paul the Deacon, the historian of the Lombards."

Simply this, and nothing more, about the Western literature of the period from 476 to 814. The selection of names is not much amiss, though several are omitted that are better worth mention than Junilius; but it would have been well worth while to add a brief indication of the nature of each author's works and his nationality. Inaccuracies in names and dates are frequent throughout the book. In many instances the fault is no doubt primarily the printer's, but that does not make the errors less misleading. The Gothic King of Italy in 540



is called "Theodebald" instead of Hildibad ('Hildibad'); Odoacer is designated "the Herulian"; the first Theodoric the Visigoth is said (after Gibbon) to have been a son of the great Alaric. In the Index Jorndanes is said to have been an author of the thirteenth century! The name *Deira* twice appears as "Devia." Other blundered spellings are "Olybrius," "Omniade," "Macrobrus," Malcolm "Clanmore," "Hafurstford," and "Pelago" (for Pelayo or Pelagius). Altogether the volume strikes us as a perfunctory piece of work. The ancient history volume, on the other hand, is not badly done. We never heard anyone call Canon Rawlinson an attractive writer; but his contribution to the work, in spite of its condensation, is now and then almost readable. The chronological tables seem scarcely adequate. The index, however, is copious, though disfigured by a few curious departures from alphabetical order.

*Domesday Book: a Popular Account of the Exchequer MS. so called.* By Walter de Gray Birch. (S. P. C. K.) This volume, considering its small size, contains a great deal of information, put together with considerable skill. It is, however, disfigured by many extraordinary blunders of detail. Several of these have already been pointed out by correspondents of the ACADEMY; others are due to the author's unfortunate propensity for meddling with questions of etymology, with which he is not competent to deal. Mr. Birch's deliverances on matters requiring a knowledge of Anglo-Saxon are of such a nature as to inspire us with astonishment at his courage in undertaking to edit a *Cartularium Saxonicum*. He does, indeed, reject the absurd notion that *hide*, as the name of a land measure, is the same word as "*hide* of an animal"; but he does so merely on the ground of its historical improbability. His own suggestion is philologically quite as impossible as that which he discards. He "refers *hida* to the Anglo-Saxon word *hyd*, a house or habitation, from *hydan*, to hide or cover"; and goes on to connect the word with *hut* and *hat*! On the same page he states, quite correctly, that another form of the word is *higid*; and afterwards he mentions that "King Alfred translated the Latin word *familia* by *hydeland*"; but he is unable to see the etymological bearing of these facts. He thinks that the local name Henbury (*æt þære hēan byrig* = at the high borough) is derived from the Welsh *hēn*, old. The name of "Kennewilkins Castle," which apparently contains a corruption of the personal name Cynewealh, he supposes to be a compound of *Cuno-*, a frequent initial element in ancient British names, with "the territorial name of Hwinca." He follows Spelman in regarding the word *burgheristh* as of the same meaning as *burgh-brecht*, which he further confounds with *borh-bryce*, and erroneously explains to mean "breaking the peace of the borough." The fact is that *burgheristh* is a peculiar spelling for the Anglo-Saxon *burh-riht*, "borough-right"; the combination *iht* in *Domesday* not unfrequently rendered by *ist*, as in *radchenistres* for *radcnihtas*, *Chenistetune* for *Oniht-tūn* (Knigh-ton), *Bristric* for *Brihtic*. Not content with these and other similar performances on Anglo-Saxon ground, Mr. Birch makes occasional excursions into Romanic philology, with equally strange results. He proposes to derive *manerium* from *manus*, and maintains that *carruca*, the Late Latin word for a plough, is formed from the numeral *quatuor*. In support of the latter novel speculation, he adduces a list of nine Romanic words in which the syllable *car* has a similar etymology. So far as these words are concerned, he is quite right, except that he imagines *carrière*, "career," to be the same word as *carrière*, "quarry." But any Romanic philologist would have told him that if the initial *c* of *carruca* had represented an

original *qu*, its descendant in modern French would have been *carrue*, instead of *charrue*. This wild piece of etymologising seems to be intended as an argument against Canon Taylor's contention that the team of a plough in early English days consisted normally of eight oxen. If Canon Taylor had no more formidable antagonist than Mr. Birch, he would not need to feel much anxiety about the fate of his theories. Mistakes such as those we have pointed out are not of quite so serious consequence as they would be if the volume were intended, or were likely to be used, as a text-book for students. But it is a pity that even a popular book should be needlessly incorrect; and, if Mr. Birch should write anything further about *Domesday*, we would advise him to consult some qualified scholar respecting those parts of the subject which lie outside the range of his own knowledge.

"Epochs of Church History."—*The Church and the Puritans, 1570-1660.* By Henry Offley Wakeman. (Longmans.) We have here a scholarly and intelligent sketch written from the high Anglican point of view. As to the statement of matters of fact there is nothing to complain of. The interpretation of them is another matter. The fog is gradually lifting; and Papist and Puritan, Calvinist and Arminian, are now treated by all but the very shallow or the very ignorant as if they were once human beings, not mere pawns on a chessboard whereon the great religious warfare of the past was carried on. Mr. Wakeman, though he is, we should gather, a disciple of the Laudian theory, is never bitter or unfair to his antagonists. He sees that there was something to admire in the narrow Calvinism of the Elizabethan era; nay, that it was a necessary provisional mode of thought for those who had broken away from Rome and yet desired to have some sort of scientific basis for their beliefs. The best part of the book is that which treats of Archbishop Laud. His is one of those characters to which it has commonly been found impossible to do justice. The man who was so upright and steadfast surely deserves some sympathy notwithstanding his narrowness of mind. In all matters of thought he had wider views than the Puritan theologians, inasmuch as he had grasped the idea that history had something to say on the then present controversies. If the position he took, with regard to the Calvinists at home and all the religious bodies of the continent, was, from our point of view, utterly untenable, he was at least honest, and certainly not more given to using the arm of flesh in support of his opinions than were the fanatics on the other side. Had Cartwright or Prynne ever had the evil fortune to grasp the power that Charles's archbishop for a time possessed we may be sure that they would have dealt with those who offered resistance in a manner equally uncompromising. There are some few passages in which the author gives a wrong impression. When he speaks of England standing forward under Elizabeth "as the champion of liberty of thought and action" (p. 62) against Spain, he presents us with a picture almost the reverse of the truth. "Liberty of thought and action" was the very last thing the great queen would have struggled for. What England bent her energies to resist, under Elizabeth, was the domination of Spain and the spiritual rule of the pope—two things which seemed one and the same to all but a few Catholics whose voices were unheard. We question whether Mr. Wakeman is quite accurate in speaking of the English Church in the latter part of the sixteenth century as having "for the time deposed the sacraments from their place in the Christian system" (p. 43). If he means that the sacramental theories or rather denials of Zwingli were accepted by a great body among the

clergy, we agree with him; if, however, we are to understand that the two rites which the English Church had retained were not administered as the Prayer Book directs, we believe him to be in error. So far as relates to the Lord's Supper the evidence of many churchwardens' account-books forces on us the belief that the rubrics were obeyed. Mr. Wakeman has been unfortunate in reading his proofs. In the quotation (p. 58) of a curious passage from Spenser he prints "weave" for "weare," which entirely perverts the sense.

*Chronicles of an Old Inn.* By Andrée Hope. (Chapman & Hall.) The old inn is not the "Tabard," nor some ancient hostelry on the road-side, but the well-known Inn of Court which still perpetuates the memory of its ancient owner, Lord Gray. Its gardens (said to have been laid out by Francis Bacon, when treasurer of the inn) retain some of their old beauty, though year by year the ranks of the noble elms are thinned, and the rooks, reduced in number, find increasing difficulty in securing resting-places. Mr. Hope gives a tolerably long list of birds, including the goldfinch and the lesser redpoll, which still frequent the gardens, and notes, among rarer visitors, the redwing and the great titmouse. But the denizens of the inn which have given it its chief lustre belong to past times. The two brothers, Anthony and Francis Bacon, are specially associated with the history of Gray's Inn, which claims also to have been the home of such eminent lawyers and judges as Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, Sir William Gascoigne, Sir John Fortescue, Sir Edward Coke, and Sir John Holt. This is a roll of illustrious names of which any society might be justly proud; and if the additions to it in later times have been comparatively few, it must be borne in mind that fashion and convenience influence students in their choice of an inn, and that in these respects Gray's Inn is at a disadvantage. Mr. Hope's book is pleasantly written and well got-up. It would have been improved if the author had put his memoirs in chronological order, and had corrected little errors like *Meantys* for *Meautys*. Perhaps, too, the reader might have been spared the moralisings and reflections which perhaps occupied some of the vacant hours spent by the author in court or chambers.

*Dene Forest Sketches, Historical and Biographical, founded on Family Records and MSS.* By S. M. Crawley Boevey. (Maxwell.) This is a bold venture on the part of Miss Crawley Boevey. For a writer to attempt the reproduction of the thoughts, language, manners, and ways of times so remote as those of King Stephen, King John, and the third Henry much study is needful as well as much courage, nor will a fertile fancy and a fluent pen supply the former requisite. We must candidly confess that we do not ourselves lay claim to such exact historical knowledge as would qualify us to criticise minutely the author's pictures of these periods; but it is obvious to anyone that the proportion of fact to fiction is much about the same as sack to bread in Falstaff's bill. We shall, therefore, dismiss the earlier stories in the volume with the remark that they are simply stories, rather cleverly written, with a little local colour and a faint flavour of antiquity. The latter sketches are more substantial, and to their construction it is evident that the muniment room of Flaxley Abbey has proved largely useful. For ourselves we should have preferred a selection of the original documents, with such notes as might be necessary to make their meaning or their purpose clear; but it is possible that there are readers whose tastes are of less simple character, and who would reject such dry food. The last story in the book—"The Gipsy's Foster-

ling"—is, from our point of view, the best, inasmuch as it deals most with actual circumstances. The dispossessed heiress, Eleanor Wiseman, is a real character, and those who plotted against her and those through whose agency she gained her rights are likewise real; while we have no reason to doubt that the course of events corresponded, on the whole, with the writer's narrative. Whether Sir Harry Vane, Mr. Pepys, and Harry Martin were ever in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Boeve we have no means of knowing; but we presume that Sir Paul Vanore (whose name occurs repeatedly in the book) is Sir Peter Vanlore, of whose family there is an excellent account in Nichols's *Herald and Genealogist*. A chart or chapter devoted to the descent of the Flaxley Abbey estate and its owners would have added greatly to the value of these sketches.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have issued a new edition of the late J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*, "thoroughly revised" by his widow, who has, in the main, limited her task to correcting minor slips and incorporating the views expressed by the author in his larger History. At the same time, she has availed herself of all authoritative works subsequently published; and she acknowledges the help of many friends. Current events have not been carried later than where Green left them—in 1874. Marginal notes and dates are now given for the first time. We gather from the advertisements that this famous book has now reached its 129th thousand. It is yet more interesting to learn from the note on the verso of the title page that no less than four reprints were called for in the first year after its appearance, and an average of one reprint in each year that has followed. Does even the historic cheque paid to Macaulay attest a greater success?

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in the middle of next month Mr. Edward Clodd's *The Story of Creation: a Plain account of Evolution*, illustrated with more than seventy woodcuts and diagrams. The author claims to have given for the first time a popular account of the hypothesis—somewhat modified from Herbert Spencer—which explains the origin not only of life forms, but also of the entire cosmic system by one and the same process of development. Special attention is given to the view which seeks for the beginnings of life in the polar regions, to Darwin's theory of natural selection, and to "social evolution" or the growth of mind, society, morals, and theology.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW announce for publication by subscription another handsome work by Dr. P. H. Emerson on the Eastern Counties. It is entitled, *Pictures of East Anglian Life*; and will consist of a series of chapters mainly descriptive of the peasantry and fisherfolk, illustrated with thirty-two plates and fifteen woodcuts from the author's own photographs. The book will be in folio form, and will be issued only in a limited edition.

THE second volume of Prof. Henry Morley's *English Writers*, embracing "From Caedmon to the Conquest," will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Company early next month.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY will publish in a few weeks *Charles Dickens and the Stage: a Record of his Connexion with the Drama as Playwright, Actor, and Critic*; by Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, author of *Dickens's London*. The book will contain chapters on "Dickens as an Actor," "Dickens as a Dramatist," "The Stage in his Novels," and "The Stage in his Letters," and will be illustrated with three character portraits of Miss Jennie Lee, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Toole.

*The Counting-out Rhymes of Children*, their Antiquity, Origin, and Wide Distribution: a Study in Folklore, by Mrs. Carrington Bolton, will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

*Crane Court: a story of Country Life*, by A. M. Monro, author of "The Beautiful Lady Chichester," will be published shortly by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co.

FROM the report of the Hunterian Club, Glasgow, we learn that a second instalment for the eighth year is immediately to be sent out to members as follows:—Part 61, Bibliographical Index to Thomas Lodge's Works, and Memoir by E. Gosse; Part 62, *Ave Caesar*, by Samuel Rowlands (1603). The index, glossary, and title-pages to Lodge, completing the collected edition of his works issued by the Hunterian Club, and Part 1 of the prefatory matter for the Bannatyne MS. are ready; and the Council proposes to call up at once so much of the ninth year's subscription as will pay for these and finish the Bannatyne MS. It does not intend to carry on the work of the club further. An undertaking is given that none of the publications of the club on hand will be allowed to find their way into the remainder market, or will even be sold at reduced prices; and members are therefore asked to supply themselves, at an early date, with any of the issues which they may require. It is also stated that, for the ninth year, the number of copies printed will correspond to that of the paid subscriptions only. The Council expresses its regret at the long delay which has taken place since the last issue, mainly through the illness and death of the late Hon. Treasurer and Secretary, Mr. John Alexander, to whose memory a warm tribute is paid for his untiring interest in all the affairs of the Hunterian Club.

THE prize of fifteen guineas offered by the Froebel Society for the best essay on "The Ethical Teaching of Froebel, as gathered from his Works," has been divided between Miss Lyschinska, Kindergarten Instructress to the London School Board, and Mrs. Claude Montefiore, a former scholar of Girton College, Cambridge. The judges were the Rev. H. R. Quick, Prof. Meiklejohn, and Miss Snell. The two prize essays will be published in the March number of the *Journal of Education*.

#### THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE unpublished letters from Mendelssohn to Moscheles, which will appear in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, have been in the possession of Felix Moscheles, the son of the composer, for many years. They will be illustrated with portraits of Mendelssohn and his family, and also with several reproductions of his drawings. The same number will also contain Mr. R. L. Stevenson's second paper, entitled "The Lantern-Bearers," after a sport in which the author took part when a boy in a Scottish fishing village. His memories of this place form a picturesque introduction for a protest against realism in fiction.

THE February number of the *Antiquary* will open with an article by Mr. Charles Roach Smith on "The Roman Walls of Chester, and the Discoveries made in them." To the same number Mr. Henry P. Maskell will furnish a paper (with an illustration) on "Emanuel Hospital," in which he pleads for the preservation of this excellent and interesting old foundation.

THE next number of the *Classical Review* will contain a long notice by Mr. F. B. Jevons, of Gruppe's "Die griechischen Culten und Mythen in ihren Beziehungen zu den Orientalischen Religionen," in which one of the most important of recent contributions to the history of religions will, for the first time, be made

known to English scholars. Mr. E. S. Roberts will discuss the Gortyna Inscription; and the Rev. H. F. Tozer, in "The Native Land of Horace," will describe a visit to the neighbourhood of Mount Vultur.

THE February number of *Time* will contain articles on "Mr. Mackonochie and the Ritualistic Movement," by Mr. G. W. E. Russell; "The Pedigree of Natural Rights," by Prof. W. Wallace; an instalment of the new "Work and Workers" series on "Members of Parliament," by Mr. G. Osborne Morgan; together with contributions by Mrs. S. A. Barnett, Mdlle. Y. Blazé de Bury, Mr. Richard Dawson, and others, including a paper on the Crown Prince ("Unser Fritz"), by "One who knows him."

AMONG the articles in the February number of the *Scots Magazine* (into which the *Scottish Church* has now developed) will be "The Border-land"; "Organisation of Secondary Schools," by Prof. Laurie; and "Scottish Literature in the Stuart Period."

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

SIR FREDERICK ABEL has been appointed Rede lecturer at Cambridge for the present year.

PROF. GEORGE DARWIN, of Cambridge, will deliver a public lecture at Oxford, on the invitation of the Ashmolean Society, on Monday next, January 30, upon "Saturn's Rings."

IT will be proposed at Oxford next week to confer the degree of M.A., *honoris causa*, on the Rev. Dr. L. H. Mills, of New York, editor of part of the Zend Avesta, and of the Gathas in the "Sacred Books of the East."

THE Rev. G. F. Browne, the newly appointed professor of archaeology at Cambridge, will deliver his inaugural lecture on Tuesday next, January 31. He has taken for his subject, "Sculptured Stones of Pre-Norman Type in the British Islands."

MR. J. H. MIDDLETON, the Slade professor of fine art at Cambridge, will deliver a course of six lectures this term on "The Reformation in its Relation to Parish Churches in England."

THE annual meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society was held on Thursday, January 26, when Dr. Peile, Master of Christ's, was elected president, and the hour for future meetings was changed from the evening to the afternoon. Dr. W. Robertson Smith read a paper on "The Sacrifice of a Sheep to the Cyprian Aphrodite, with an Emendation of the Text of Joannes Lydus *De Mensibus*, iv. 45."

HERR JOACHIM is announced to visit Oxford on February 14, when he will take part in Beethoven's Quintet in C major (Op. 29), Haydn's Quartet in G major, and Spohr's Duet for two violins. The concert will be given in the Sheldonian Theatre; and Herr Joachim will be supported by Messrs. Ries, A. Gibson, W. F. Donkin, and C. Ould.

IN connexion with the teachers' training syndicate, Dr. F. Warner will deliver a course of six lectures at Cambridge during the current term, on "Growth and Development of the Intellectual Faculty."

THE managers of the Craven Fund at Cambridge have made a grant of £40 to Mr. M. R. James, for archaeological research in Cyprus.

THE Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have undertaken the publication of a collected edition of the mathematical papers of Prof. Cayley. These papers, originally contributed to the Royal and other societies, and to various mathematical journals, will be arranged for publication by the professor himself, who will add notes containing references



to the writings of other mathematicians on allied subjects. It is expected that the edition will extend to ten quarto volumes; and it is intended to publish two volumes each year until the completion of the work.

WITH reference to Prof. Ray Lankester's removal from the office of examiner at Oxford last summer—against which he has appealed to the courts of law—we may mention that his case is elaborately stated in a correspondence with the vice-chancellor, printed in the *Oxford Magazine* for January 18.

THE *Senatus Academicus* of St. Andrews will probably elect to the Gifford Lectureship in the course of next March. The appointment is for two years, and the lecturer will be required to deliver not less than twenty-five lectures each year, two being given in one week. The subject is Natural Theology in the widest sense of the term; and the lecturer may belong to any religious denomination, or to no denomination at all.

BISHOP BERKELEY (research) fellowships, at Owens College, Manchester, have been awarded to E. G. W. Hewlett (Trinity College, Cambridge), in classics and philology; to William Bott, in chemistry; and to O. H. Latter (Keele College, Oxford), in zoology; and renewed for a second period to Henry Holden, in physics, and to William A. Shaw, in history.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE BYRON CENTENARY.

(January 22, 1838.)

LET not the heart of England grieve to-day  
That by an alien race, in alien tongue,  
The memory of her poet son was sung  
Alone. Than his lov'd Hellas who could pay  
A more befitting homage? No dimmed ray  
Shines round his brow for her who still hath  
clung  
To him so fondly. Dwells there us among  
A greater love than hers? Who—who dare say?  
For him then who would wish a higher lot  
Than to be thus remembered by her  
To whom he gave the best things of his  
heart—  
The noblest, purest? Who will now aver  
'Tis not enough that by this better part  
He triumphs—that his Greece hath not forgot?

E. M. EDMONDS.

#### OBITUARY.

DAVID MAIN.

THERE are many outside the circle of personal friends who will hear with sincere regret of the death of Mr. David M. Main, editor of the *Treasury of English Sonnets*, which took place on Thursday, January 19. Mr. Main was a comparatively young man, being only in his forty-second year; but in June, 1886, severe symptoms of congestion of the brain made themselves manifest, and rendered inevitable a complete withdrawal both from business and social life. From the first, complete recovery of his mental power was more than doubtful, but during last summer there seemed to be a slight improvement in his condition. The faint hopes thus raised were unfortunately doomed to speedy disappointment, for at the beginning of winter he became unmistakably worse, and on the day above mentioned he passed away.

So far as I know, the *Treasury of English Sonnets* is his sole literary legacy; for Mr. Main, though an ardent lover and unwearied student of literature, displayed a remarkable—indeed, in our days, almost unique—indifference to the kind of fame which is the meed of the successful literary producer. Though his intellect was keen and active, his taste perfect, and his literary style so singularly facile and graceful

that he might, one would think, easily have won a solid reputation by what is ordinarily known as original work, he was more than content to be a collator and commentator; and, though he had the passionate appreciation of poetry which in the short, or the long, run makes versifiers of most of us, I believe that his entire poetical product consists of two charming sonnets, which are to be found in the last edition of Mr. Sharp's collection. His *Treasury*, however, constitutes a sufficient claim to the grateful remembrance of all lovers of literature. It is a monument of industry, care, and fine discrimination; and among sonnet anthologies it is—and probably will long remain—*facile princeps*. Not a sonnet was transcribed until the anxious editor had personally examined not only its first-published form but all succeeding forms, in order that the text might be pure and all variations taken due account of. In his labour of love neither time, exertion, nor expense was spared; and I have known him more than once spend all three by taking a long railway journey, involving three days' absence from home, to verify a single reading. I remember well his anguish—the word is hardly too strong—when he found that, in spite of all these pains, some few misprints had crept into the published work, and his amusement when he found these misprints transcribed by successors in the field, who made a great parade of original research, but who had not even taken the trouble to refer to his list of *corrigenda*. Of the notes which occupy half of the large volume I must not speak at length, though they constitute the only portion of the work which conveys to the general reader any adequate impression of the extent of the labour to which some seven years were devoted. The thoroughness of their scholarship is apparent to every competent judge, but it is scholarship warmed and irradiated by high enthusiasm which redeems it from all "dry-as-dust" associations.

Mr. Main will live long and pleasantly in the recollection of all who knew him. He was of medium height and light complexion, and had a peculiarly frank and winning expression of countenance. He was a conspicuously neat dresser; indeed, neatness in everything seemed a natural instinct—his MS., for example, being as beautiful to look upon as that of Thackeray or Edgar Poe. His manner had an easy and courtly gentleness, which was singularly charming, though he betrayed at times a humorous fondness for Landorian strength of epithet, and was wont, I remember, to speak of a well-known editor, of whom exactitude is not the strong point, as "that inaccurate beast —."

In Mr. Main's youth his father—Mr. Robert Main, of Doune, a well-known and highly respected Scottish banker—provided his son with all needful opportunities for beginning a successful commercial career; but his passion for literature would not be controlled, and for long his sole occupation was the gathering and arrangement of materials for his beloved *Treasury*. Shortly after its publication he began business as a bookseller in Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow, numbering among his clients many collectors and connoisseurs, who were glad to profit by his remarkable knowledge and discrimination. He had, of course, his periods of anxiety, and when they came was apt to become, perhaps, unduly depressed; but the venture was, in the main, successful, and would doubtless have been increasingly so had health and life been spared to him. This, however, was not to be. He has gone; and all that remains of him on earth are pleasant memories in the hearts of many friends, and the *magnum opus* into which he threw so much of the action and passion of his prime. I have written hastily and, therefore, inadequately. I wish it had been otherwise; but I am above all things

anxious that such a worker for letters as David Main should not remain uncommemorated.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

WE regret also to announce the death of Dr. Emil Lehmann. A brother of the artist, Rudolph Lehmann, he was well known throughout Germany for his translations, chiefly from the English. Among these are several works by George Eliot, Bulwer, Dickens, also Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort* and Seeley's *Life of Stein*. Dr. Lehmann was connected with the Hamburg press, and was a prominent figure in that city, where he was much respected for his indomitable energy in spite of blindness, to which he was a victim for many years.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for January has an article by Prof. Tyrrell, entitled "The Old School of Classics and the New," which, under the guise of a dialogue between the shades of Madvig and Bentley, is in substance an attack upon Prof. Sayce. It is not our business to defend Prof. Sayce from the charges of grammatical inaccuracy and rash speculation; still less would we presume to contest the authority of the Dublin regius professor of Greek on questions of scholarship. Still, we may point out that a large part of the controversial matter introduced is not new. It is now more than four years since Prof. Tyrrell wrote for *Hermathena* a severe criticism of the book which he finds it convenient to style Prof. Sayce's "edition of Herodotus," but which Prof. Sayce himself called "The Ancient Empires of the East"; and the discussion then stirred up passed through the stages of reply, rejoinder, and sur-rejoinder in the same learned journal. Prof. Tyrrell's rejoinder then ended with the words: "I do not intend to write again on this subject." But, as he has himself reopened the controversy, we may be allowed to comment upon one of the most effective counts of his indictment, which he thus presents in the *Fortnightly*:

"Indeed the neglect of the last-mentioned distinction [between *πλείστα* 'several' and *τὰ πλείστα* 'the most part of'] enabled our editor of Herodotus to draw from his text as proof of the fondness for silver prevalent among the Hittites, by translating ἀργύρου ἀναθήματα ἔστι οἱ πλείστα ἐν Δελφοῖσι, 'most of the silver offerings at Delphi were his.' When such distinctions are pointed out the editor ignores the correction in quite a superior way: 'It is with Herodotus as a historian, rather than as the subject for the dissecting knife of the grammarian, that I have had to do.'"

Now, on this passage three remarks suggest themselves. (1) Prof. Tyrrell omits a material word in the Greek, which runs in full

ὅσα μὲν ἀργύρου ἀναθήματα ἔστι οἱ πλείστα ἐν Δελφοῖσι  
In his first paper in *Hermathena* Prof. Tyrrell had exclaimed "Get thee to a dictionary, go!" On following his advice we have been surprised to find in Liddell and Scott (*s.v.* *πλείστος*) this very passage cited as an example of *ὅσα πλείστα*—"the most possible." Surely Prof. Sayce may be pardoned for erring in the company of these eminent lexicographers. (2) Prof. Sayce did not draw from the text a "proof of the fondness for silver prevalent among the Hittites," but merely appended the following note:

"Silver seems to have had a special attraction for the Hittites, whose monuments in Asia Minor are usually met with in the neighbourhood of old silver mines, and their fancy for the metal may have been communicated to the Lydians."

Whatever this note may be worth, it is not greatly affected if Gyges contributed only "a very large number," and not "most," of the silver offerings at Delphi. (3) Any one reading

the paragraph quoted above from the *Fortnightly* would suppose that Prof. Sayce, when challenged with misunderstanding *πλίστα*, replied "It is with H. as a historian," &c. As a matter of fact, those words come from Prof. Sayce's original Preface, in quite a different connexion; and what Prof. Sayce really said in *Hermathena* regarding this precise point was: "I must admit that my periphrasis allows of a false interpretation, and am grateful to my critic for having pointed it out."

### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DUVAL, G. Dictionnaire des métaphores de Victor Hugo. Paris: Plagel. 5 fr.  
FALLOUX, le Comte de. Mémoires d'un royaliste. Paris: Didier. 18 fr.  
GAUTIER, L. La poésie religieuse dans les cloîtres des IX<sup>e</sup> et XI<sup>e</sup> siècles. Paris: Picard. 2 fr. 50 c.  
GROSS, G. Wirtschaftsformen u. Wirtschaftsprinzipien. Leipzig: Duncker. 4 M. 20 Pf.  
PAGLIETTI BROZZI, A. Sul teatro giacobino ed antigiacobino in Italia. Milan: Hoepli. 4 L.  
PROUTHAUX, A. Principes d'économie industrielle. Paris: Baudry. 5 fr.  
RACINET, A. Le costume historique. T. 1 (complémentaire). Paris: Firmin-Didot.  
TISSOT, Ch. Géographie comparée de la province romaine d'Afrique. T. 2. Chorographie: réseau routier. P.p. S. Reinach. Paris: Hachette. 16 fr.  
WEILL, A. Le centenaire de l'émancipation des Juifs. Paris: Dentu. 5 fr.  
WEIßHÄUSER, oesterreichische. 5. Bd. Die tirol. Weisthümer. Hrsz. v. J. v. Zingerle u. J. Egger. 4. Thl. 1. Hälfte. Wien: Braumüller. 14 M.

#### HISTORY, ETC.

- BERGER, E. Les Registres d'Innocent IV. 8<sup>e</sup> Fasc. Paris: Thorin. 18 fr. 75 c.  
CHASSIN, Ch. L. Les Elections et les Cahiers de Paris en 1789. T. 1. La Convocation de Paris aux derniers Etats-généraux. Paris: Quantin. 15 fr.  
COLBERT CHABANAIS, le Marquis de. Traditions et souvenirs touchant le temps et la vie du Général Auguste Colbert (1793-1809). Paris: Berger-Le-nault. 12 fr.  
GESCHICHTE der europäischen Staaten. 50. Lfg. 2. Abthg. Deutsche Geschichte v. F. Dahn. 1. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Gotha: Perthes. 14 M.  
JURIEU DE LA GRAVIERE, le vice-Amiral. La guerre de Chypre et la bataille de Lépante. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.  
LACKNER, W. De incursionibus a Gallis in Italiam factis questio historica. Königsberg-O. Pr.: Koch. 1 M.  
LANGLOIS, E. Les Registres de Nicolas IV. 3<sup>e</sup> Fasc. Paris: Thorin. 9 fr. 60 c.  
LIEZU, J. De Alexandri Magni expeditione indica questiones. Dorpat: Karow. 2 M.  
LIESSAURE, A. Die prähistorischen Denkmäler der Prov. Westpreussen u. der angrenzenden Gebiete. Leipzig: Engelmann. 20 M.  
MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. Epistolae saeculi XIII. E regestis pontificum romanorum selectae per G. H. Pertz. Ed. C. Bodenberg. Tom. 2. 18 M. Necrologia Germaniae. I. Dioeceses Augustensis, Constantiensis, Curienensis. Ed. F. L. Baumann. Pars 2. 14 M. Berlin: Weidmann.  
MÜLLER, W. F. v. Geschichte der Schweizer-Söldner bis zur Errichtung der ersten stehenden Garde 1497. Bern: Huber. 4 M.  
PAPENHAGEN, M. E. altnordwegisches Schutzgildestatut, nach seiner Bedeutung f. die Geschichte d. nordgerman. Gildewesens erläutert. Breslau: Koebner. 4 M.  
PARRI, E. Vittorio Amedeo II. ed. Eugenio di Savoia nella guerra della successione spagnuola. Milan: Hoepli. 5 fr.  
ROBILLARD DE BEAUREPAIRE, Ch. de. Cahiers des Etats de Normandie sous le règne de Henri III. T. 1. 1574-1581. Paris: Picard. 12 fr.  
SCHIEHL, F. Leopold I. u. die österreichische Politik während d. Devolutionskrieges 1667-8. Leipzig: Wigand. 1 M. 60 Pf.  
URKUNDEBUCH der Stadt Hildesheim. Hrsz. v. R. Doebner. 3. Thl. Von 1401-1427. Hildesheim: Gerstenberg. 18 M.

#### PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- BOURGAT. Recherches sur les formations coralligènes du Jura méridional. Paris: Savy. 10 fr.  
BREFFELD, O. Untersuchungen aus dem Gesamtgebiete der Mykologie. 7. Hft. Leipzig: Felix. 38 M.  
COSSON, E. Compendium florae atlanticae. Vol. II. Paris: Masson. 15 fr.  
DELAHAYE, Ph. L'année électrique. 4<sup>e</sup> Année. Paris: Baudry. 3 fr. 50 c.  
ENCKE, J. F. Gesammelte mathematische u. astronom. Abhandlungen. 1. Bd. Berlin: Dümmler. 7 M.  
FAUNA U. FLORA d. Golfes v. Neapel u. der angrenzenden Meeres-Abschnitte. Hrsz. v. der zoolog. Station zu Neapel. 15. u. 16. Monographie. Berlin: Friedländer. 160 M.  
FORSTER, E. Studien zur Astrometrie. Berlin: Dümmler. 7 M.  
HUNGER, E. H. Ueb. einige vivipare Pflanzen u. die Erscheinung der Apogamie bei denselben. Bautzen: Rühl. 1 M. 50 Pf.

- LAPPARENT, A. de. Fossiles caractéristiques des terrains sédimentaires. Fossiles secondaires. Paris: Savy. 10 fr.  
THIÈRE, A. Eléments de statique graphique appliquée à l'équilibre des systèmes articulés. Paris: Baudry. 10 fr.

#### PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- AMELINÉAU, E. Monuments pour servir à l'histoire de l'Égypte chrétienne aux 4<sup>e</sup> et 5<sup>e</sup> siècles. Paris: Leroux. 60 fr.  
BEZOLD, C. Die Schatzhöhle. Syrisch u. deutsch. 2. Thl. Texte. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 20 M.  
HAGEN, P. Quaestiones Dionaeae. Kiel: Lipsius. 1 M. 40 Pf.  
INSCRIPTIONS inédites d'Afrique, extraites des papiers de L. Renier, p.p. R. Cagnat. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr.  
MERGUET, H. Lexikon zu den Schriften Cicero's. 2. Thl. 2. Hft. Jena: Fischer. 8 M.  
POPPE, P. Üß. das speculum humanae salvationis u. eine mitteldeutsche Bearbeitung desselben. Strassburg: Trübner. 2 M.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### DEAN PLUMPTRE'S "DANTE."

London: Jan. 18, 1888.

In the interesting "Estimates of Dante," appended to the last volume of his great work, Dean Plumptre has, I think, fallen into a slight error in admitting (p. 429) the possibility that Dante is referred to by Spenser under the phrase "sad Florentine," which occurs in the thirteenth sonnet of his little youthful version of the "Visions of Bellay." These visions, in their rhymed form, appeared first among the *Complaints* (1591), and are accompanied (as they were in the blank verse original publication of 1569) by a rendering of Petrarch's Canzone, "Standomi un giorno," third in the series after the death of his Lady Laura. Spenser has divided the twelve-line stanzas of Petrarch into sonnets; and the second of these, beginning

"After, at sea a tall ship did appear,"

is clearly what, in the thirteenth Bellay vision, is intended by the lines:

"Much richer than that vessell seem'd to bee  
Which did to that sad Florentine [*i.e.* Petrarch] appear."

It would seem probable that a man so well read as Spenser cannot have been unacquainted with Dante. Yet he is not named among the poets followed by Spenser, in the epistle by E. K. prefixed to the *Shepherd's Calendar*; and it should be remembered that in Spenser's time the study of Dante, as the Dean points out (p. 423), had much declined in Italy—while the admiration of Petrarch was at its highest. The conjecture (p. 430) that Shakspeare might have heard of Dante "through Sidney or Spenser," must also, I fear, be dismissed. We have no evidence that, at the time of Sidney's death (October, 1586), Shakspeare had even quitted Stratford; while the theory which discovers allusions to him in Spenser, thus rendering their personal intercourse more or less probable, cannot, I think, be tenable.

I would also ask the Dean's consideration of two small points in the very curious epistles which passed between the Bolognese Joannes de Virgilio and Dante. In Dante's first letter, the text printed by Fraticelli (Florence, 1834, p. 290) gives

"Quum mundi circumflua corpora cantu  
Astricolaeque meo, velut infera regna, patebunt."  
This is rendered (p. 332):

"When in my song the sea-girt mountain high,  
And those who dwell within the starry spheres,  
Shall be revealed, as now the realms of Hell."

The poet is here alluding to the future publication (such as publication was in M.S. days) of the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso." It might be expected that he should here name both divisions of his great work; and Fraticelli's note on the first line above quoted accordingly glosses *mundi* as *purgatorii*. Yet it is surely more natural to understand the *circumflua corpora* as indicating the planets which in the "Paradiso" circulate

round the central world, than the spiral terraces of the mount of Purgatory. Dr. Plumptre's translations are, however, so generally accurate that it must be supposed he has here followed some other text which justifies his reference to that section of the *Commedia*.

On the other hand, it may be argued that the gift which Dante, in his character of Tityrus, proposes to send is rather ten cantos of the "Purgatorio" than, as the Dean here writes, of the "Paradiso." This, I infer from the mention of "the vast rock" (l. 84), which Fraticelli interprets as meaning the Purgatorial Mount.

As it is to be hoped that these volumes will be so far popular that a second edition (and, oh, in a less inconvenient size!) may be required, let me ask the author's pardon for two or three more suggestions. Like the preceding, they are but small in themselves; yet, in case of a poet so imperial as Dante, and (it may be added) of a *Corpus Dantescum* so valuable as Dr. Plumptre's, no aid to completeness is insignificant. In the Life (p. cxxii.), the anecdote of Dante's repartee, turning upon the name "Can Grande," is spoken of as "not improbable." The story, however, appears to be only an ancient Joe Miller. The dog has had its day, and a very long one. Its pedigree is traced backwards in Dunlop's *History of Fiction* from Cinthio to Poggio, thence to an old French Fabliau, finally to Josephus, who places it at the table of one of the Ptolemies. By oversight it must be that the Dean, in his second section of English estimates of Dante, has failed to notice Hallam's admirable criticism in the concluding chapter of his *Middle Ages*. Nor, again, is the poet "simply conspicuous by his absence" from Wordsworth, whose stately sonnet on the "Sasso di Dante" by the Duomo of Florence, with the passage from Hallam, might with advantage be substituted for Carlyle's somewhat patronising praise and the rhetorical ingenuities of Lowell, together with the thoroughly misplaced political digression on p. 460, when Dr. Plumptre's work reaches its well-deserved re-issue.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

Wynfrid, Clevedon: Jan. 23, 1888.

In reference to the notice (ACADEMY, January 14, p. 20) of the inference of the Dean of Wells, that Dante alludes to the clock in his cathedral from having seen it there, allow me to say that the current history is that it belonged to the Abbey of Glaston until the suppression, so that it could not have been at Wells, if Dante had been there. It may be suspected that such clocks were not so uncommon in former times as now. There is one with the procession of knights at Lübeck, as well as that at Strasburg. The one in Exeter Cathedral is also noticeable.

THOMAS KERSLAKE.

### THE METAPHYSICS OF SO-CALLED SAVAGES.

Oxford: Jan. 22, 1888.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who has done so much to make the study of anthropology attractive and popular in England, has called attention, in the ACADEMY of January 21, to one of the most perplexing problems which the student of anthropology has to deal with, and on which I had touched in my *Biographies of Words*. How are we to account for the strange mixture of folly and wisdom, or, if you like, of myth and philosophy, in the ancient traditions of so-called savages? Mr. Andrew Lang very properly says "so-called savages," for one feels ashamed to call people savages when they have almost risen to the height of Hamlet's monologue. But putting aside the word savage, which, being undefined, has done as much mischief in anthropology as heretic in theology, the question returns to us in all its perplexity,



How are we to account for the Greeks enraptured by the wisdom of Heraclitus, and yet believing in the Homeric fables? How can we explain the Vedic poets trying to fathom the past, "when neither aught nor nought existed," and yet in the same breath celebrating their god Indra reeling from the draughts of Soma which he had quaffed? What are we to say to collections of Maori songs, written down in the language of the old priests, and containing by the side of the most hideous stories of their gods such poems as:

"For thee, O Whai, my love is ever great.  
From germ of life sprang thought,  
And god's own medium came:  
Then bud and bloom; and life in space  
Produced the worlds of night— . . .  
'Twas Nothing that begat  
The Nothing unpossessed,  
And Nothing without charm.  
Let the priests attention give,  
And all I state dispute.  
I may be wrong: I but rehearse  
What was in Whare-Kura taught.  
'Twas Rangī who with Atu-tahi  
Brought forth the Moon.  
And Rangī Wero-wero took,  
And, yet unseen, the sun produced.  
He, silent, skimmed the space above,  
And then burst forth the glowing eye of heaven  
To give thee light, O man,  
To wage thy war on fellow-man."

Or, again (p. 152):

"Seeking, earnestly seeking in the gloom,  
Searching, yes, on the coast-line,  
On the bounds of light and day,  
Looking into night.  
Night had conceived  
The seed of night.  
The heart, the foundation of night  
Had stood forth self-existing  
Even in the gloom.  
It grows in gloom—  
The sap and succulent parts,  
The life pulsating,  
And the cup of life.  
The shadows screen  
The faintest gleam of Light.  
The procreating power,  
The ecstasy of life first known,  
And joy of issuing forth  
From silence into sound.  
Thus the progeny  
Of the Great-extending  
Filled the heaven's expanse;  
The chorus of life  
Rose and swelled  
Into ecstasy,  
Then rested in  
Bliss of calm and quiet."

These are not the airy inventions or dishonest embellishments of travellers and missionaries which often make the study of anthropology so disheartening. They are scholar-like translations by Mr. John White, who has been living for the last half-century among the Maoris; and who, by the side of his translations, has published the texts in the original, as written down

"while his native friends, sitting under a shady tree, on the outskirts of a forest, and remote from the abodes of men, rehearsed the sacred lore of their race, and in solemn dread slowly repeated the sacred incantations, or performed the ceremonies and rites as they had been taught by those of past generations."

These are, therefore, genuine outpourings of metaphysical thought among the Maoris. Yet the same Maoris tell us that

"an aquatic plant growing in swamps was the procreating power which engendered the red clay seen in landlips, whence came the first man. This man was discovered by one of the gods before light had dawned on this world. It was the grand-

\* *The Ancient History of the Maori: his Mythology and Traditions.* By John White. (Wellington, 1887.)

son of this man who separated heaven and earth and caused light to be, and divided the world of light from the world of darkness."

And again we are told that

"The first man took a tree as his wife, and his offspring were trees, and not men. He therefore went and obtained soppy mud, and mixed it with sand, and made it into the shape of a woman for himself," &c.

How such weeds and such flowers can grow on the same soil is, no doubt, a puzzle. Still, if the Maoris had conquered England, and had collected among the ruins of London or in the caves of Wales the stories told by the last frightened survivors of the Anglo-Saxon race, might they not possibly have collected a similar medley of odds and ends of Berkeleyan wisdom and Neo-Buddhist folly? Is it always right to ask which came first and which came last, whether folly was evolved into wisdom or wisdom revolved into folly, when we see both walking hand in hand in Church and State, in schools and universities? Is not the *Nebeneinander* here as elsewhere in the science of man as well as in the science of language? Sometimes, no doubt, when we have the ancient mythological and philosophical documents in their original texts before us, language will enable the critical scholar to say what is modern and what is old. In the famous hymn of the Rig Veda, beginning:

"Nor aught nor nought existed; yon bright sky  
Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched  
above;  
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?  
Was it the water's fathomless abyss?"

in this hymn the one word *tadānīm*, then, is sufficient to warn us against ascribing it to the most ancient stratum of Vedic thought and language. But where are the scholars to perform the same critical dissection on the language of the Maoris? They will come in time, and the sooner the better. But until they have come, and until they have performed their work patiently and valiantly, Mr. Andrew Lang will probably agree with me that the anthropologist often feels like Mignon performing the egg-dance, and fearing at every moment that she may break the brittle shells among which she has to perform her inspired movements.  
F. MAX MÜLLER.

F. S.—May I take this opportunity of showing by another instance how indispensable the science of language is to the science of mythology, and how carefully it ought to be studied by every anthropologist? In my *Biographies of Words* (to which Mr. Andrew Lang's remarks refer), the first place is occupied by the biography of *Fors Fortuna*. It contains my mythological arguments why *Fors* cannot have been from the beginning so meagre a deity as *Dea quae fert*. But in answer to the question addressed to me by another reviewer, why the word *Fors* cannot be derived from *ferre*, the science of language returns a clear answer. The root *bhar* is an *ē* root, and in Latin this original *ē* remains unchanged before *r*. See Brugmann, *Vergleichende Grammatik*, p. 53.—F. M. M.

WASA, ISIS, OCK.

British Museum: Jan. 23, 1888.

In my letter to the ACADEMY of January 14, I pointed out the occurrence of *Wasa* as an important item in the boundaries of four Anglo-Saxon sites granted to Abingdon Abbey, and situated in Berkshire, pretty nearly contiguous to each other, along the southern bank of the river Isis for upwards of ten miles, upon a ridge of high ground running along, at no

very unequal distance throughout that length from that river and sloping to it. I argued that the Anglo-Saxon *Wasa* is now represented by *Isis* (which latter is not "a spurious name," as Mr. Stevenson alleges) from the above facts, and from the absence of any known "fen, ooze, or stagnant pool," common to these four parishes.

Let us now examine the evidence which may be obtained in support of that argument.

Throughout the whole range of Anglo-Saxon horography *Wasa* is, so far as my observation goes, confined to these four examples alone—a fact of the highest inferential value in this present enquiry. Phonology here must yield to fact, as it often does in ancient words—as it does in the original name of Fyfield.

I find in B. Clarke's *British Gazetteer* (1852), the writer of the article "Oxford" states: "This . . . is said by some to take its name . . . from *Ouseford*, derived from the ancient name of the river *Isis*." He was, I believe, quite correct, although the fact is not apparent, for, if we could but find the use of "Ouse" for *Isis* well established the enquiry ends; and it is, therefore, important to know where the writer found authority for this statement.

Prof. Rhys, in his *Celtic England*, p. 289 (S. P. C. K.), sees in *Osney*, near Oxford, the old form *Uce* or *Uea* for *Ouse*, the continuator, as he says, of *Ansa*, a Celtic spirit or divinity. This seems to corroborate my suggestion of a spirit's name. Among the many *-eys*, *eyots*, or islands, clustering about Oxford, at or near the confluence of the *Isis* and *Cherwell*, viz., Binsey, Botley, Hinksey, Ifley, Osney, Oxe, Pixey, &c., there are two, viz., *Osney* and *Oxe*, which manifestly enshrine this river-name. The *x* in the above examples probably had the Continental *sh* or *j* sound in ancient days, and not the modern *ks* sound; and this root can thus be widely traced in such place-names as the *Wash*, *Washbourne*, *Washbrook*, *Washfield*, *Washford*, and so forth.

There appears to have been the same ambiguity of use in the tenth century of the words *Isis* and *Thames* for a certain section of the waterway as there is now. For example, the mapmaker Collins calls the river between Oxford and Wallingford the *Isis*, other cartographers call this part of the river the *Thames*. The Ordnance Survey uses both names. I incline to consider that the river was properly *Wasa* down to the confluence of the *Thame* at *Dorchester*, and from that point to the sea properly *Thames*. But, from some laxity or uncertainty, those who wrote down the boundaries for the Abingdon charters, being better acquainted with the *Thames* than with the tributary *Wasa*, incorrectly used the former word where they should have employed the latter.

With regard to the *Ock*, may not this word also be, like *Avon*, *Aber*, *Cern*, *Wye*, *Wandl*, *Dour* (intensified in *Stour*), *Trent*, and other words, a generic equivalent of *river* or *water* in one of the remotest languages of England? If this be so, *Uxbridge*, in Middlesex—anciently *Woxbridge*, *Waxbridge* (Lewes, Topogr. Dict.)—situate now on the *Colne* river, but in such a language known as an *Ock* or *Uck*, can be explained. Similarly, we may examine the name of *Ockbrook*, a village in Derby, between the rivers *Derwent* and *Trent*; *Uckfield*, in Sussex, on the *Ouse*; *Ockham*, in Surrey, on the *Wey*, &c. Then there is *Chideock*, in Dorset, on a small stream, now falsely renamed *Chid*, but in great likelihood originally *Ock*; and *Wenlock*, in Cheshire, on the river *Wenlock*, a reduplicated word comparable with *Wendover* (*dour*, *water*); *Wandsworth* on the *Wandle*; *Windsor* (*Windles-ora*); *Windrush* (old form *Wenrisc*), a village and river in Gloucestershire, &c. The places *Ouseburn* and *Ousefleet*, in York, are analogous in formation; but it is worthy of

notice that Great Ouseburn stands on the Ure, Little Ouseburn and Ousefleet on the Ouse.  
WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH.

"COTEMPORARY."

Cork: Jan. 23, 1888.

In Mr. Dunlop's interesting review of "Three Books on Irish History," in the ACADEMY of January 14, he says, in reference to Dr. Romney Kane's edition of Prof. Richey's lectures:

"I cannot help wishing that he had found courage to exclude that mongrel word 'cotemporary,' which had as peculiar a fascination for Prof. Richey as it seems to have for Irishmen in general."

Poor Ireland, everything that belongs to it is associated with barbarism and ignorance!

No doubt Mr. Dunlop has read Bishop Fitz Gerald's edition of Bishop Butler's *Analogy*. Bishop Fitz Gerald tells us, in his preface, how very careful he was to record every word that could be associated with the immortal Bishop Butler; and Bishop Fitz Gerald expressly names the "barbarism" cotemporary as the one word he ventured to correct. Most literary men know that Bishop Butler was an Englishman and that Bishop Fitz Gerald was—may I say it?—an Irishman. GEO. WEBSTER.

STRONG PRETERITES.

Dublin: Jan. 22, 1888.

I have just heard from the mouth of a Dublin fisherman a strong preterite which is new to me—"rew" for "row": "My father told us to row, and we rew in." T. K. ABBOTT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, January 30, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Neck, Head, and Face," by Prof. J. Marshall.

6 p.m. London Institution: "The Ptolemies," by the Rev. W. Bebban.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The History of Architecture," III., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Yeast: its Morphology and Culture," I., by Mr. A. Gordon Salaman.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations in British North Borneo," by Admiral R. O. Mayne; "Exploration and Survey of the Little Andamans," by Mr. Maurice Portman.

TUESDAY, January 31, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," III., by Mr. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Monumental Use of Bronze," by Mr. J. Starkie Gardner.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Erection of the Jubilee bridge carrying the East Indian Railway over the Hooghly," by Sir Bradford Leake.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 1, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Figure," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Sweating System, or the Functions of the Middleman in Relation to Labour," by Mr. D. F. Schloss.

THURSDAY, Feb. 2, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Languages and Races of the Babylonian Empire," I., by Mr. G. Bertin.

3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Art Education," by Prof. H. Herkomer.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Atlantic and British Weather," by Mr. R. H. Scott.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Bradbourne Cross, Derbyshire," by the Rev. G. F. Browne; "English Ornamental Leadwork," by J. L. André; "Additional Saxon Work in Oxford Cathedral," by Mr. J. P. Harrison.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The History of Architecture," IV., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Ferns of Simla," by Mr. H. F. Blanford; "Fertilisation of *Cattleya labiata* var. *Mossiae*," by Mr. H. J. Veitch; "Descriptions of Species of *Galericinae*," by Mr. J. S. Baly.

8 p.m. Chemical: Election of Fellows; "The Range of Molecular Forces," by Prof. A. W. Rüchker.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 3, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Figure," II., by Prof. J. Marshall.

7.30 p.m. Geologists' Association: Annual Meeting.

8 p.m. Philological: "Pali Miscellanies," by the Rev. Dr. R. Morris.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Ancient Microscopes," by Mr. Frank Crisp.

SATURDAY, Feb. 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics," III., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

DIPLOMATIC REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD WELSH TEXTS.

*The Text of the Mabinogion and other Welsh Tales, from the Red Book of Hergest.* Edited by John Rhys and T. Gwenogvryn Evans. (Oxford: Privately Published.)

THE point of departure in historical philology is to have good texts. Of all the old literatures now studied the Welsh is, perhaps, the worst off in this respect, and the last to respond to the critical spirit of our times. We do not on that account desire to under-rate the merit of those Welsh patriots whose brilliant works shine like beacons in the history of Welsh literature—the authors of the *Myfyrian Archaeology of Wales* (1801), Lady Charlotte Guest and her *Mabinogion*, and the editors of the volumes of the Welsh Text Society. They published their texts as was the custom of their time, being pre-occupied with the meaning rather than with the words themselves, not hesitating to settle the text according to their notions, without warning the reader of the alteration. The defect was that of their age rather than their own, and it would be unjust to reproach them with it. For we moderns, who have been taught in their school, and who benefit to this day by their labours, would thus—to adopt the simile of a French writer—be like lusty children that turn and beat the mother from which their own strength is drawn.

The editors of our own time can be more justifiably criticised. Mr. Skene's intention, in *The Four Ancient Books of Wales* (1868)—a book that, despite its faults, possesses a value for which the erudite Scot deserves our gratitude—was to reproduce the text letter for letter. The desire was excellent. Unhappily Mr. Skene has often misread the MSS. The next volume that Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans promises—the "Black Book of Carmarthen"—will correct the work of Mr. Skene, so far as one of the "four" ancient books of Wales is concerned. The MS. being difficult to decipher and also unique, Mr. Evans disarms criticism in advance by using photography to reproduce it. "Solem quis dicere falsum audeat?"

In this chronicle of Welsh philology Canon Robert Williams is less innocent, if we may not say more guilty, with his *Welsh Texts from the Hengwrt MSS.* (1874-5). At that period the rules for the publication of a text were recognised—to indicate in a precise manner with press-mark the MS. one publishes; to fix its date; to mark on the printed pages the corresponding pages of the MS.; to distinguish the hands of different scribes; and record faithfully the original text of the MS. wherever modified. Canon Williams did not observe these rules; and it is not even certain that he always copied his MS. faithfully. Yet his publication, which was left unfinished, is not without its use in the general history of literature. Being formed from texts principally translated from Latin or French, it enables us to follow the "gulf stream" of the literature of the Middle Ages; but it does not furnish a safe text for philologists—such a text as carries on its face its own verification.

It is this state of disorder in Welsh phil-

ology that inspired Messrs. Rhys and Evans with the idea of the present edition, of which the *Mabinogion* of the "Red Book of Hergest" forms the first volume. The general title of the collection is "Diplomatic Reproductions of old Welsh Texts," and a series of nine volumes is announced as being in preparation. The system adopted will apparently lead to much repetition. Thus, after having reproduced in this first volume the text of the *Mabinogion* from the "Red Book," the third volume will contain another version of several tales from other MSS. Then vols. v. and vi. will be devoted to a critical text of the *Mabinogion*. For ourselves, vols. v. and vi. would have sufficed, especially if they recorded the readings of the several MSS. Critical editions of Greek and Latin texts have been made in this way, and their editors generally kept to themselves the copies they had made of the originals. The editors of the "Welsh Texts" have elected to spare neither their own time nor the money of their subscribers. From the extreme of negligence Welsh philology thus passes to the extreme of minutiae. Having made this criticism on the plan of the work, we ought to recognise that the plan chosen has been most admirably executed.

At the end of the last century, or at the beginning of this, the celebrated Owen Pughe prepared an edition and a translation of the *Mabinogion*, of which fact we are surprised not to find mention made in the preface of the volume now under review. Homage paid to our predecessors does not dwarf the merit of the living. That edition remained unpublished among the papers of the Owen family (see the *Cambrian Journal*, vol. iv., 1857, pp. 132, 197, and 285). This fact explains why, in his dictionary, Owen Pughe gave numerous examples taken from the *Mabinogion*, then still unpublished. The first portion of the *Mabinogi* of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, was published anonymously (text and translation) in the *Cambrian Register* of 1795 and 1796, but it was reprinted with the name of Pughe in the *Cambro-Briton* (vol. ii., 1821, p. 271 and following). Nevertheless Lady C. Guest's edition (1838-39) must be regarded as the *editio princeps* of the *Mabinogion*. Her English translation, though open to criticism in certain details, can yet charm like the original; while the commentary, exceedingly rich and interesting in its literary aspect, makes it a work that cannot be superseded. The name of Lady Charlotte Guest will always be associated indissolubly with this pearl of Welsh literature. But, despite the care with which the text had been copied for Lady C. Guest by the Rev. John Jones (Tegid), it contained some evident errors, and these errors cast suspicion on the rest (see Zeuss's *Grammatica Celtica*, 2nd edition, p. 139). Yet the *Mabinogion* have been till now the chief text we possess for the history of Middle-Welsh.

This edition of Messrs. Rhys and Evans will remedy these imperfections. It is meant for philologists, and its object is to supply them with a copy of the text as faithful as can be obtained without having recourse to facsimile. In order to mark the different peculiarities of writing the editors have had recourse to nine sorts of characters. As soon as it was decided to give a diplomatic edition all these minutiae



became needful; for the form of the letter, in MSS. where various signs are employed to represent the same letter, is an important point in the restorations of verbal criticism. The system followed by Messrs. Rhys and Evans is complicated, and must have cost them no little trouble to carry out; but in its result it has produced an edition which, if the MS. were to perish, would make up for the loss.

This edition being for philologists, we have not to speak of the Mabinogion in its literary aspect. Still, we may venture on the remark that this new edition will contribute to make these poetic tales better known and appreciated. Not only is there an index of the names of men and places, which fills a void in Lady C. Guest's book, and permits us to follow better the history and action of the personages; but a more correct text facilitates the sense in several passages. We will only give one example, taken from the opening scene of "Kulhwch and Olwen." "The Queen (mother of the hero) is at the point of death. We quote Lady C. Guest's translation:

"Therefore I charge thee that thou take not a wife until thou see a briar with two blossoms upon my grave. And this he promised her. Then she besought him to dress her grave every year that nothing might grow thereon. So the queen died. Now the king sent an attendant every morning to see if anything were growing upon the grave," &c.

Lady C. Guest has translated the text as it was given to her; but half a line had been omitted, and this, when inserted, gives the following sense:

"This he promised her. After which she summoned her confessor, and bade him dress her grave," &c.

In this way all becomes clear and reasonable, at least so far as it is reasonable in a woman to prevent her widowed husband from marrying again. The action of the husband, at least, becomes more rational.

Did space permit, we might have much to say on the Mabinogion themselves, at a time when the comparative study of literature has made such progress, and the science of folk-tales or storiology is being slowly built up. In particular, the careful and searching studies of Mr. Alfred Nutt deserve to be honourably mentioned. But we must not prolong this article. It suffices to have emphasised the value and originality of this publication. May Messrs. Rhys and Evans accomplish the series which they promise us! They will have rendered a great service to Welsh philology, and to comparative literature.

HENRY GAIDOUZ.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### EARLY BUDDHIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

Wark, Northumberland: Jan. 18, 1888.

I accidentally saw Prof. Lacouperie's letter in the ACADEMY for December 31, relating (*inter alia*) to the name of the first Buddhist missionary who came to China from India.

His name in the original is *Chu-fa-lan*—that is, *Fa-lan*, which I think can only be restored to *Saddharma*.

It cannot be equivalent to *Dharmaraksha*, as Mr. Nanjio surmised, because that name is uniformly equated in Chinese by *Fa-hu*. Nor can the member *Fa* be a phonetic ideogram,

because in No. 38 of Nanjio's Catalogue (*not* 37) the symbol *fa* is restored to *Tan-mo*, which is undoubtedly equal to *Dharma*. We know that the interpretation of *Fa-lan* is *Fa-ching*, and this on the lines of *Yin-Ching* (indisputably equal to *Sadaha*, or *Sadvahana*) can only be restored to *Saddharma*.

The term or member *lan* in *Fa-lan* simply points to pre-eminence or excellency, as Wells Williams states *sub-voce*. S. BEAL.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. G. J. ROMANES has been elected Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution. He intends to devote the three years of his professorship to one continuous course of lectures on "Before and after Darwin." This year's course—"Before Darwin"—will give an historical survey of the progress of scientific thought and discovery in biology from the earliest times till the publication of *The Origin of Species*. Next year's course will be on "The Evidence of Organic Evolution," and the third year's course on "The Factors of Organic Evolution."

At a meeting of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, on January 23, Mr. C. E. Bewsher, of the Mauritius, read "A Few Notes on the Seychelles Islands and the Coco de Mer, illustrated with coloured drawings by the late Gen. C. G. Gordon." It appears that General Gordon—whose personal friendship Mr. Bewsher enjoyed—believed the Coco de Mer to be the forbidden fruit, and the Seychelles Islands—on two only of which it grows—to be the site of the Garden of Eden. So strongly was he persuaded of the truth of this idea that he had soundings of the surrounding sea taken for the purpose of tracing the courses of the four rivers, and in the results of the soundings found confirmation of his view. Of course he imagined the land to have been depressed until only the tops of the mountains now appear above the sea as islands. The drawings, which were beautifully executed, were contained on two large sheets of paper; and among them was a small pen-and-ink sketch of the serpent on the tree, and Eve standing beside it.

*My Telescope* is the title of a little astronomical work by "A Quekett Club-Man," whose kindred volumes on the microscope have been so successful. It will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Roper & Drowley.

DR. MURRELL'S *Massage as a Mode of Treatment* has been translated into French by Dr. Oscar Jennings, with a preface by Dr. Dujardine Beaumetz, of Paris.

THE last number of the *Essex Naturalist* contains a valuable "Report on the Denchole Exploration at Hangman's Woods, Grays, in 1884 and 1887." The report has been drawn up by Mr. T. V. Holmes, the President of the Essex Field Club, assisted by Mr. W. Cole, the hon. sec. The general conclusion seems to be that these denchholes were probably used for the secret storage of grain in British or Romano-British times. The report is well illustrated, and is supplemented by several appendices contributed by specialists.

WE regret to hear, on the day of going to press, of the death of Dr. A. de Bary, professor of botany at Strassburg, whose standard works are so well known in this country through the translations issued by the Clarendon Press. Next week we hope to give an account of his services to botanical study by one of his former pupils.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE late Prof. Key, in the preface to the first edition of his *Latin Grammar* (1846), an-

nounced his intention to prepare forthwith a Latin Dictionary for schools, arranged, like the Grammar, on the crude-form system. By the time when his *Short Latin Grammar* came out (1852) he had already made considerable progress in the execution of this plan; but he had also found it advisable to add to it the preparation of a dictionary arranged as usual; and, the matter growing under his hands, he at last (about 1856) undertook a work which might satisfy the requirements of mature scholars, and discontinued the smaller work. The MS. of this larger dictionary was left unfinished at Prof. Key's death in 1875. When the publication of the latter was first undertaken by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, it was intended that it should be completed by another hand. But, after a lapse of time, the loss of which is greatly to be regretted, this ultimately proved impracticable, and it was decided to print the author's MS. as nearly as possible as he left it. Happily, incomplete as the work is, its value as a contribution to the study and understanding of the Latin tongue is almost as great as if Prof. Key had lived to complete it; since, from the time when he foresaw the improbability of his doing so, he adopted the plan of applying himself primarily to those words throughout the alphabet which he considered to require novel or special treatment, leaving the less important portion to be added afterwards; and he himself states, in reference to the dictionary, in the Preface to his book on *Language* (1874), that he had "incl. de l therein nearly all those words in which he thought himself able to make some improvement." Although, therefore, only part (especially the letter A) has been filled in, and can be regarded as complete, or approximately so, yet the work may be taken to embody in a very large measure the results of a lifetime mainly devoted to the study of Latin.

THE second number of Prof. Viator's new periodical, *Phonetische Studien*—which, we are glad to hear, has found a large number of subscribers—will be issued in February. The articles by M. Passy ("Kurze Darstellung des französischen Lautsystems") and Herr Walter ("Der englische Anfangsunterricht auf lautlicher Grundlage") will be concluded; and there will also be "Beiträge zur Statistik der Aussprache der Schriftdeutschen" (I.), by the editor; "De l'accent de groupe en français," by M. Levêque, and several shorter contributions, reviews, notes, &c. The first volume will be completed by a third number, to appear in April.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

##### GRAMMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Saturday, January 14)

THE REV. T. B. ROWE, head master of Tonbridge, in the chair.—After a brief statement by the hon. sec. (Mr. E. A. Sonnenschein, of Mason College, Birmingham), as to the origin and constitution of the society, the following motions were proposed and carried: (1) that a name be selected to describe all sentences which are not simple (Miss Cooper, head mistress of the Edgbaston High School); (2) that the four names, "compound," "composite," "complex," "non-simple" be submitted to the society (chairman); (3) that further sub-divisions of the non-simple sentence be described by means of the terms "co-ordinate clause" and "sub-ordinate clause" (Prof. Moriarty, of King's College, London); (4) that the distinction between abstract and concrete as applied to nouns, and similar distinctions, do not fall within the province of grammar (the Rev. E. F. M. MacCarthy, head master of King Edward's Branch School, Birmingham, and Mr. F. Ritchie, of Sevenoaks); (5) that, for the purposes of schematisation a double name for each tense is required, the one part of the name describing the time, the other the state of the action (chairman); (6) that Miss Haynes's scheme of tenses be submitted to the society (Mr. C. M. Dix, Oratory School).

## PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, January 20.)

PROF. SKERT in the chair.—Dr. J. A. H. Murray gave his yearly report on the progress of the society's dictionary. During the past year above 100,000 slips had been sent in by readers: 40,000 by Mr. N. Douglas, 25,000 by Mr. T. Austin, 10,000 from Emerson by Mr. A. Shackleton, 4,372 by Mr. Henderson, 3,000 by Dr. Mayow; less numbers, though often most valuable, by Mr. C. Grove, Prof. Chester, Mr. A. Beesley, Mr. Prosser (early uses from Patents), Mr. Colland, Miss Edith Thompson, Rev. J. T. Fowler, Cecil Deedes, E. Peacock, E. S. Wilson, B. R. Wilson, &c. Consulting helpers were Mr. Thistleton Dyer for botany, Mr. Corbridge for coal-mining, Mr. Martineau for rare books in the British Museum, Mr. J. T. Platts for Persian and Eastern terms, Prof. Pollock for legal terms, Prof. Rhys for Celtic words—about 1 per cent. of so-called Celtic derivatives are really so.—Prof. Rieu for Persian and Turkish. The greatest helpers were the sub-editors: Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Woods, Miss Browne, Messrs. Anderson, Beckett, Bousfield, Brandreth, Browne, Green, Henderson, Hailstone, Löwenberg, Mount, Nichols, Peto, Sugden, Schruppf, Simpson, Smallpiece, Woods, &c. Part IV. of the Dictionary was all in proof to "Carbon," finally to "Caudle," copy in hand to "Carry." Vol. I. would end with B, though Part IV. would also open Vol. II, which would contain C and D. Mr. Henry Bradley had been appointed joint editor of the Dictionary, and had begun E. He would be responsible for Vol. III. Henceforth each editor would have to produce a part of 350 pages a year; that means four columns a day, four sent to press, four corrected and revised, and four returned in final. This speed must, to some extent, lessen research. No longer can twenty letters be written and much search taken to get six lines and find what "cadogan," an eighteenth-century way of officers' dressing their hair, exactly meant. Some words had taken a long time to settle the development of their meaning: "carry" was three days' work. The sub-editor gave it seventy-nine senses. These had to be grouped and reduced to sixty-three, with sub-headings. "Canon" was a hard word to work out, from the monk to the cathedral official. "Cantilever," "cant" (a corner), "cabal," "cabinet," "calvered salmon," "campaign," "can," with all its meanings and inflexions, had also given much trouble. More good sub-editors were wanted, and more readers of early trade and art books in the Museum, and of modern novels and American authors, like Hawthorne and Lowell, whose promised readers in the United States had failed.—A special vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Murray for his report. Hope was expressed that Mr. Bradley's appointment and the regular publication of one part a year would be of great benefit to the Dictionary.—The hon. sec. wanted four editors of the work instead of two. Incompleteness was the necessary condition of such a book on its first issue; but, till it was out, no one had anything to work at in order to perfect it. Though the Dictionary was, and must be, defective, it was still the best in the world.

## ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, January 23)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet on "The Philosophical Importance of a True Theory of Identity." Believing that the theory of identity is the only fundamental question at issue between thinkers interested in German speculation and those of the distinctively English school, the writer was anxious to state the question precisely, and to trace its far-reaching consequences. Attributing to English thought the view that it is the ideal of identity to exclude difference, he first pointed out the nature of this principle in the province of logic, referring in particular to Hamilton, Mill, Jevons, and Herbert Spencer, and explained the truer doctrine of recent logic to the effect that an identity or universal is a meeting-point of differences, and that identity in judgment is incompatible with tautology. An analogous contrast of principle shows itself in psychology, especially in the question whether association by similarity can be reduced to a principle more like that of contiguity, and in atomism or individualism and the opposite conceptions in ethical and

political science. Brilliant as has been the history of British philosophy, it reveals a certain insensibility to the organic and coherent aspect of man's spiritual achievement, as the mere inspection of the range of British philosophical literature seems to demonstrate. There may be historical causes of this defect, which does not appear to be rooted in the national character, and which participation in the present movement of European culture, including among many elements an attempt towards a more sympathetic and vital philosophy, is tending to remove.—The paper was followed by a discussion, in which Mr. R. B. Haldane and others joined.

## FINE ART.

## THE MONTICELLI EXHIBITION.

THE Messrs. Dowdeswell have at present on view in their galleries, New Bond Street, along with other things of interest, a comprehensive collection of the works of Adolphe Monticelli—a painter as yet not widely known in this country, though a small but well-selected series of his works was included in the Edinburgh Loan Exhibition of 1886. That he was at least an artist of the most pronounced individuality will be apparent to every visitor to the exhibition, though there may be more diverse opinions as to whether his especial individuality was legitimate and a thing to be praised.

The works now brought together represent several periods of his art, each clearly marked and distinguished by qualities of its own. At first he was academic, and aimed at classical correctness of clearly defined form. Ingres was then his master, the far-off divinity before whom he bowed. Of this period, No. 56, "La Jeune Mère," is fairly representative—a work of extreme interest, but interesting solely as a link in the painter's career; interesting, in relation to his future work, for its almost total lack of artistic value, or even of artistic promise—a work dull and formal in the definition of its masses, commonplace exceedingly in the character of its figures, feeble in the colouring of its grey-green wooded distance, and worse than feeble in the ruddy touches, so isolated and unrelated, which express the flowers that cluster round the vase. In No. 1, "La Fenaion," we find a distinct advance. This has clearly been done under the influence of Diaz. It is rather cold in general effect, there is a want of half-tones, its shadows sink too suddenly into absolute blackness, and its passages of warm colouring are still somewhat patchy and isolated; but it is, on the whole, a craftsman-like and pleasing work, the production of a man who is speedily gaining the power of doing what he will in his chosen medium. No. 14, "Dames et Enfants aux Champs"—especially in the treatment of its figures—connects itself more definitely with the first-named picture and its period. Yet its colouring—the vivid and sunny green and gold of its landscape—points, with sufficient distinctness, to the Monticelli of the future—to the Monticelli whose fully developed manner we know and value. In the productions of the next period—typically represented by works like No. 6, "La Harpiste"; No. 9, "Dolce far niente"; No. 10, "L'Invocation aux Dieux"; No. 41, "Fête dans le Jardin d'un Palais"; and No. 46, "Au Clair de Lune"—the painter may be said to have "found himself," to have asserted his artistic individuality, and at length spoken in his own artistic tongue. The subjects of this period are commonly parties of ladies, seated or reclining on the turf of gardens, on the sward of forests, or on the rocks of the seashore. Already the painter has reached the fullest subtlety of his colouring, though in his later works he frequently deals with more potent tones and combinations; the landscape

surroundings are broadly treated; the classical draperies of the figures are gracefully but vaguely generalised; and in each case the heads and faces are handled with much refinement and delicacy, with a beauty of dexterous finish which derives an additional piquancy from its contrast in method to the other portions of the work. We next pass to subjects like No. 19, "L'Entrée du Manoir," and No. 24, "La Musique." Here passages of delicate detail are wholly absent; but we find a certain definite blocking out of each figure, and frequently the most skilful and swiftly synthetic suggestion of form and action, along with greater force and power of ardent colouring than distinguished any former phase of the artist's work. Finally, we have a period of Monticelli's art where he seems to have abandoned form altogether, in which he blends tint with tint, and opposes pigment to pigment without any reference at all to "the thing signified," with no more aim to represent the qualities and appearances of natural things than we find in a Rhodian plate or a Persian carpet—a time when he seeks to be an exponent of the pure sensuous delightfulness that lies in colours subtly combined, and of this alone. "Finally" we said; yet it is hardly so, for there is in Monticelli's art a more ultimate finality still, a "last scene of all," a phase in which his work shows that his colour-sense had at length deserted him, and that in losing this he may be said to have lost all artistic value. Fortunately this phase—one sad enough to contemplate—is wholly unrepresented in the present collection.

"A colourist—that certainly," will probably be his characterisation by those who have made the round of this gallery lined with his work. "A great colourist," it might be added, without fear of serious question. And a colourist of a curiously exceptional range and variety. For almost all the greatest colourists of the past and the present, whether they have aimed at delicacy or at force, whether they have been Correggio or Titian, Orchardson or Watts, have in a sense been mannerists; for their works show constantly recurrent combinations of colour, certain definite harmonies and contrasts of hue which are habitual to each master, and by which his productions are recognisable. But, in the case of Monticelli, it is not too much to say that, if he sought for little else, he has at least taken all colour "for his province"; that his colour-schemes are exceptionally varied, and their range unusually wide; that he passes at will from colour potent and startling as a trumpet blast to colour delicate and cool and silvery as the sound of a stream rippling beneath the moonlight; and that his productions are recognisable as his, less by any recurrent and habitual combinations of hue, than by peculiarities of touch and handling which—as was to be expected—are sufficiently well marked in the art of a painter who, in much of his most typical work, seems to have discarded the time-honoured intervention of the hog's hair-brush, to have had a prejudice in favour of applying his pigments directly and undiluted from the mouth of the metal colour-tube. The variety of his colour is excellently emphasised by the arrangement of the present gallery, where No. 57, "Scène du Jardin," with its greys and blues opposed by blacks and reds, is placed beneath the glow of potent orange, culminating in fullest crimson and paling into delicate gold, of No. 58, "La Dame au Péroquet"; and the wan effect of dying day, with the dusky temple, and blue-clad suppliants, in No. 10, "L'Invocation aux Dieux," is set beside the ruddy joyous warmth of No. 9 "Dolce far niente," with its white dominant sculptured shape and the whiter necks and breasts of recumbent women flashing in points against the embrowned tones of herbage and of forest trees.



But a deliberate examination, a comprehensive criticism of Monticelli's work, will disclose that it contains much of worth besides that which relates solely to colour. His treatment of form is admittedly arbitrary and capricious; but it is nearly always most skillfully selective, and suggestive in a quite singular degree. As examples of this, we may instance the female forms to the right and left of No. 24, "La Musique." How expressive they are with all their slightness; how admirably, how rightly and thoroughly, each figure is felt beneath its robe! Or—to turn to works even more summary in their handling—take the dogs in No. 52, "L'Avenue," and No. 51, "La Cadeau de Fleurs." Is not each touch here laid with the most definitely calculated intention, with the most complete success? Could touches as few as these have placed the creatures before us more vividly, more completely? Does selective work like this not prove that the painter is no sloven or blunderer, but a man who in his youth had mastered form in its elementary, its academic and strictly measurable sense, and won medals—many of them—for such student work, and then passed on, quite deliberately and with clearly seen purpose, to a far subtler and finer perception and portrayal of form? Again, in his landscape work, Monticelli frequently attains great excellence in truth of tone and relation, and in rendering of atmosphere. As illustrative of these qualities, we may indicate the light grassy bank to the right of No. 36, "Paysage—Automne"; No. 32, "L'Arche," which is filled and flooded with such a sense of clear, silvery, morning air; and No. 55, "Sur la Terrasse," with the amplitude and vastness of its space of sky.

We are far enough from asserting that Monticelli has said the last word in art. Painting has other and higher things within its range than he ever aimed at; but none more typical, or in stricter harmony with its own especial genius. And in these days, when the boundaries of the arts are so frequently confused, when graphic art so often tends to become merely literary—to be a narration, or a "preachment" of moralities—there is room enough, and need enough, for a painter like Monticelli, who concerns himself so exclusively with the things proper and peculiar to his own chosen craft, and contents himself with manifesting to us the most subtle and exquisite delights of colour, at which no other art than the painter's can do much more than vaguely hint.

J. M. GRAY.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE recent Academy elections were in no way a surprise, and they show, upon the whole, the tendency of the Royal Academy to pursue a popular course. Thus, the election of Mr. W. B. Richmond was (seeing how very little Mr. Richmond has contributed to the Academy) a tolerably prompt recognition of a fashionable portrait painter, who is a trained draughtsman, and will be of use in the schools. The election of Mr. Bloomfield was a concession to the claims of architects. This gentleman is not a young man; but his work deserved recognition long ago, and there was no reason why, because acknowledgment of its merits had long been delayed, it should be delayed for ever. Perhaps the strongest step—and the step most certain to be justified by good work still to be done—was the election of Mr. Onslow Ford, whose delightful bronze of "Folly" was one of the best purchases out of the funds from the Chantrey bequest, and whose labours are in every case of high dignity and sometimes of profound charm. But though, as will be seen, not much is to be said against any one of these elections—as times go—it is yet the fact that several justly

prominent artists remain outside. Not to speak, for the moment, of Sir James Linton—whose position as one of the chief upholders of English water-colour, does not, it would seem, commend him to the graces of the Royal Academy—there are yet waiting for tardy recognition such a master of the decorative painting of the figure as Mr. Albert Moore, and such a serious and accomplished and poetic student of landscape as Mr. Alfred Hunt. Then, again, among younger artists, there is the engaging landscapist Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. J. C. Sargent—an individuality as brilliant as he is difficult to define. The two last-named gentlemen have already been the subjects of those Chantrey honours which now often precede election.

SIR JAMES LINTON is putting the last touches to the beautiful water-colour—"Waiting"—a single girl's figure, with puffed white sleeves and big brown hat; on the whole not only a lovely composition, but a splendid harmony in brown, green and gold. Sir James—with whom oil pictures are now quite the exception—has finished a striking portrait of a young American lady of great beauty of feature and distinction of carriage. She stands with extended hand holding a silver-tipped staff before curtain and landscape. The line of the back of the head and of the nape of the neck down towards the shoulder is of especially dignity and suavity. The lady's expression is agreeable. We have already said that she is handsome; and she wears a magnificent brocaded gown fitting lightly to an excellent figure. It is an extremely attractive portrait.

THE works which Mr. Haynes Williams has brought back from Fontainebleau, and will exhibit at Goupil's next month, are of a kind that will do him good with everybody, and most good of all with the most artistic. In a picture at the Grosvenor Gallery—perhaps some three or four years ago—this accepted painter of picturesque incident revealed a quite peculiar capacity for dealing with the charm of rich interiors in which no event passes at the moment, but which are charged for the imagination with historic and romantic association. Mr. Haynes Williams has now made about thirty chiefly finished pictures of all that is most engaging in the palace—in its finest galleries and in its prettiest salons—François Premier architecture, Louis Quinze decoration, furniture of the Directory, furniture of the Empire, pictures by Van Loo, wonderful hangings, precious objects of rock crystal, and the like. Mr. Williams has evidently been in thorough sympathy with the gorgeousness and art among which, for now nearly two years, he has worked; and when his exhibition opens we shall be able to realise much of the fascination he must himself have felt.

THREE courses of two lectures each on Sculpture will be delivered at the Royal Academy during the month of February. Mr. Alfred Gilbert will lecture on "The Arts immediately dependent on the Plastic Art"; Mr. A. S. Murray on "Sculptures recently discovered in the Acropolis of Athens," and on "Ancient engraved Gems"; and Prof. J. H. Middleton on "The Christian and Pagan Element in Mediaeval Sculpture."

The Dudley Gallery Art Society will open next week an exhibition of watercolours at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

THE National Museum at Washington has undertaken the formation of a collection of casts of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities in association with the Johns Hopkins University. The museum stands ready to make facsimiles and casts of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities. An attempt is first being made to obtain copies of Assyrian antiquities preserved in

America. The Johns Hopkins University will attend to the proper arrangement and cataloguing of the collection, under the supervision of Dr. Paul Haupt, Professor of Semitic Languages, and Dr. Cyrus Adler, assistant in the Semitic courses, who will also co-operate in the work of forming the collection and of securing the loan of objects to be copied.

MESSRS. BUCK & REID—encouraged, doubtless, by the success of the etching of "Worcester," after Gainsborough, which they published last year—have now issued a companion to it called "The Way to the Mill." Both of these etchings are from "Gainsborough's Camera"—a screen filled with transparencies painted by himself, which is now itself to be seen at Messrs. Buck & Reid's. These landscapes on glass were painted by the artist for his own amusement, and are all beautiful in composition. The etching of "The Way to the Mill," which is by M. Brunet Debaines, shows a country road with some trees on the left, and a pond and bank on the right. In the centre and middle distance is a small hill with the mill perched on the top, and showing its profile against the sky. The peaceful charm of the composition is admirably rendered by M. Brunet Debaines.

#### THE STAGE.

"PARTNERS" AT THE HAYMARKET.

MR. BUCHANAN'S "Partners," produced at the Haymarket, and already, I was glad to find, a good deal amended and shortened since the first night, is really a very free adaptation of what is perhaps after all Daudet's best novel. The play owes more to *Froment jeune et Rialor aîné* than Mr. Buchanan thinks. In the record of his obligations he aims to be very precise, but he ends by being insufficient. What he has not managed to transfer or convey is the brightness of the story. The whole Delobelle group, for instance—tragic actor who has nothing in him, devoted wife, and that daughter, Desirée, who is as a figure torn from a page of Dickens—is but poorly represented in "Partners" by the single character of Mr. Bellair. Mr. Buchanan may say it does not aim to be represented at all, yet the idea of the neglected tragedian who has no value is assuredly from Daudet at a distance. But the originality of treatment which Mr. Buchanan, in his "Author's Note," endeavours to imply, refers chiefly, we suspect, to the fact that whereas M. Daudet let his heroine go over the precipice, Mr. Buchanan is careful to pull her up on the brink. Hence, greater acceptability, no doubt, to the British public; and hence, too, some loss of naturalness in the story. Mrs. Borgfeldt's substantial innocence would have been in all likelihood established much sooner in real life than in Mr. Buchanan's fiction; and—not to speak of anything else—in real life that letter which attests her incorruptibility would not have taken so long to open as it does at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Buchanan may nevertheless have something to say in defence—even in artistic defence—of the course he has pursued. Unfortunately, however, he cannot rebut the accusation of having produced a piece which, even now that it is shortened, has about it too large a measure of dulness. Interest of a kind it has also—one character is thoroughly studied—the sombre-ness is at certain times very effective. There are two or three fine scenes. But, on the

whole, it must be uphill work for the actors; and without the aid of some very good acting indeed, the piece would have fallen to the ground. At present, what keeps it going is the impressive, and at times affecting, performance of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and the admirable support which he receives from two or three of those who are associated with him. How long these things will suffice with a public moved by so many impulses—affected now by caprice, now by fashion, and now, one hopes, for a change, by sober reason—it is safest not to venture to prophesy.

Let us address ourselves to what is most interesting and what will be remembered the longest—the manner of the performance. And first we will point out its defects. Mr. Brookfield, a very skilled character-actor, plays Bellair, the tragedian—the Delobelle of Daudet. Delobelle in the French novel has no blood relationship whatever with the Froment and Risler, here the Derwentwater and Borgfeldt, group. Mr. Buchanan makes him the father of the erring, or almost erring, wife, and of the wife's well-behaved sister. Accordingly, there is even less room than in the French story for his obviously farcical carriage, and, at the present time of day, for a get-up presumably in imitation of a portrait of one of the Kembles by Lawrence, say, or Hoppner. At Mr. Brookfield's performance we smile, and yet grieve. In the critical slang of the moment, the "note" is "forced." The note is forced every bit as much by Miss Gertrude Kingston as Mrs. Harkaway, "a woman of fashion." The playwright represents Mrs. Harkaway as jealous and disgustingly vindictive, but still "a woman of fashion." Miss Kingston remembers the jealousy and vindictiveness, but not the bearing that would have compelled at all events a partial concealment of them. The lady's place in the drama is that of one who is not looked upon as offensive by her associates—of one who, with well-bred people, takes a fair rank. But the actress so represents her that she could hardly for the second time be with well-bred people at all. You would watch not only your reputation, but every pocketable nick-nac in your rooms, while you talked to her. To be so obviously distasteful requires skill on Miss Kingston's part, no doubt; but it is skill misplaced. Mr. Cautley's Charles Derwentwater is, I daresay, a little colourless. It has no worse fault, and the part itself may compel that. Lady Silverdale's part is sympathetic, and only wants in Miss Le Thiere a sympathetic voice. Heartiness she contrives to give it. A little child, Minnie Terry—Mr. Charles Terry's daughter, I believe—is so entirely unconventional as Mrs. Borgfeldt's little daughter that it is a pity Mr. Buchanan has not withheld from her the seemingly inevitable line from the good child to the depressed mother, "Mamma, why do you cry so?" Miss Marian Terry is, indeed, one of the most famous of tearful actresses; and she is here provided—after Borgfeldt's quite unreasonable refusal to listen to his wife's explanation—with all the motive and the cue for weeping which it would be possible to desire. She is somehow not at her strongest—the unnaturalness of the situation we may assume to be the cause of it—when she is listening to reproaches she is not permitted to answer,

because if she answered them, the play would end too soon. But Miss Terry—who never actually fails in the accepted business of the stage—is individual and convincing in at least two passages: the first, where Mrs. Borgfeldt bids to her husband a hysterical adieu—an adieu charged with a secret; the second, where the brute passion of Derwentwater (whom the feeble wife so foolishly idealises) is, as it were, upon the very point of overcoming her. The part of Alice Bellair (Mrs. Derwentwater's sister)—played by Miss Janet Achurch—is not a good one, but it is a mistake to say—as has been said somewhere—that it is the part of an *ingénue*. The *ingénue* assents to everything, and has no views of her own. Alice Bellair takes sides very distinctly, and carries her thought into action; and so Miss Achurch—always singularly real—is right in giving to the representation decisiveness as well as charm. Mr. Kemble's performance of a part more telling, since more varied, leaves—it can hardly be disputed—as little to be desired. He is the confidential, high-toned servant of a great house, perfectly; exaggerating nothing, doing justice to every word.

I have left Mr. Beerbohm Tree to the last, because, as Mr. Buchanan has managed things, his information alone can be elaborate and important enough to be the *raison d'être* of the play. If it errs at all, it is through over-elaboration, over-lengthiness, that it errs. But I am not inclined to blame it. It has humane and homely touches. It has its pleasant suggestions of comedy. It is obviously forcible where poor Borgfeldt has to suffer horrible things in his unwillingness to listen to explanations which might have cleared everything up. And it has, among its several satisfactory, its one original and finely exciting effect: the moment at which—convinced of his wife's falseness—the steady old merchant, loyal always to his "house," addresses himself, in the house's difficulty, with tearful valour, to the ledger. On the night I was in the theatre, that was done quite admirably. After all these details, is one to give one's general impression of "Partners"? That would be, probably, that the piece has but a few merits; its performance but a few defects.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

#### STAGE NOTES.

WE understand that a drama by Mr. Hall Caine, based upon his own novel, *The Deemster*, has been accepted by Mr. Wilson Barrett for early representation.

WE hear that Mr. Benson—whose travelling company has perhaps the best and the largest repertory of any company that goes about the provinces—hopes, within a twelvemonth or thereabouts, to be established in London. When he comes we trust he will have sufficient confidence in his present method of proceeding to dispense with costly scenery, and never to dream of long runs. What is wanted most of all in London is a manager who will audaciously rely upon the attraction of the art of acting as the single attraction to his theatre.

AT the Olympic the "Ticket of Leave Man"—almost the first of dramas which were at once "realistic" and sensational—takes the place of "Held by the Enemy." Mr. Henry Neville and Mrs. Stephens resume the parts

they played nearly a quarter of a century ago; and the part of Jem Dalton, played by Mr. Willard, must acquire new importance. The Olympic, it may be remembered, was the original home of the "Ticket of Leave Man."

#### MUSIC.

##### RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. DANNREUTHER gave his second concert at Orme-square last Thursday week. The programme included a new Sonata in C minor for piano and violin (Op. 45) by Grieg. The opening allegro is of considerable length, and is full of the composer's peculiar harmonies and rhythms. Each detail is interesting in itself, but the effect produced by the whole piece appears scarcely satisfactory. It needs to be heard more than once before one could say how much matter lies hid behind the manner. The second movement (allegretto) in E is in Grieg's more simple style; there is less effort and greater charm. The lively middle section, in E minor, contrasts admirably with the gently-flowing theme of the commencement, and also with its last presentation. The finale is animated, skilfully constructed, and perhaps healthier in tone than the opening movement. The sonata was well interpreted by Messrs. Gompertz and Dannreuther. The programme included Schumann's magnificent D minor Trio and Dr. Parry's clever pianoforte Trio in B minor. Miss Lena Little sang songs by Franz and Tschaiakowski.

THE West branch of the English Goethe Society gave a musical evening at Queen's Gate Hall, South Kensington, last Saturday evening. Liszt's "Faust" Symphony was played on two pianos by Mr. G. Henschel and Mr. W. Bache. So far as we are acquainted with Liszt's works, this seems to us by far the most interesting. The "Faust" movement, with its tones of despair, its visions of love, and its moments of enthusiasm, is powerful. The "Margaret" section depicts Gretchen's love and devotion in strains which could scarcely be surpassed for tenderness and refinement. The "Mephistopheles" movement, though clever, is too realistic. The ending, however, for tenor solo and male chorus is fine. The solo part was sung by Mr. W. Shakespeare, and the chorus by some members of the "Liederkranz" Society, under the direction of Mr. Martin Müller. The Symphony is most skilfully orchestrated, but in transcription the colour is lost. Still the arrangement for two pianos by the composer himself is effective, and the two pianists deserve the highest praise for their intelligent and sympathetic playing. Mr. Bache is of course known as a devoted disciple of Liszt. Mr. Henschel, whose accompaniments we have often admired, is decidedly a gifted pianist. The hall was crowded, and the performance much appreciated.

MIDDLE JANOTHA was the pianist at the Popular Concerts last Saturday, and again on the following Monday evening. Her Saturday solos were five numbers from Schumann's Kreisleriana, and they were carefully rendered. The young lady did not, however, present them with sufficient charm and feeling. On Monday she played three pieces. First, Schumann's Novelette in F, in too hurried a style, and with coldness, especially in the trio; Mendelssohn's Venetianisches Gondellied, from Fifth Book of "Lieder ohne Worte"—not the one marked in the programme-book—was given with much delicacy. Chopin's B minor Scherzo enabled Middle Janotha to show off her excellent technique; but here, again, she was too impetuous. On both occasions she was encored. On Saturday Beethoven's Quartet in C was given, and on Monday Haydn's Quartet in A,



with the "whispering" fugue, was repeated. At the former concert, Madame Norman-Néruda played Handel's Sonata in D, and at the latter Vitali's Chaconne in G minor. Mr. Santley and Miss Carlotta Elliot were the vocalists. The latter was not in her best voice.

Mr. HENSCHEL gave his tenth concert on Tuesday evening, and the programme contained many features of interest. It is some time since Mozart's "Haffner" Serenade was performed in London. This delightful work was written in 1776, to celebrate the wedding-day of Elise Haffner, daughter of a worthy Salzburg burgermeister. It is scored for a small orchestra; and the music, as befitted the occasion, is bright and lively. The wedding guests at Salzburg needed no analytical programme-book to help them to understand the simple construction of the allegro, or to follow the graceful andante, with solo violin part, the simple minuet and trio, and the merry rondo. It was the golden age when music could be left to speak for itself. Have we advanced since then? There are moments when even the staunchest admirer of latter-day music must wonder whether his musical heroes will stand the test of time as well as the old masters have done. The performance of the Serenade was good, though a little heavy at times; and the solo violin part was brilliantly interpreted by M<sup>me</sup>. Norman-Néruda. She took the rondo at a pace which would probably have surprised Mozart. Mr. Henschel was wise not to play the remaining movements. Another revival was Bizet's orchestral suite, entitled "Roma." It was originally produced by Mr. Weist Hill at a Covent Garden concert, and afterwards performed by Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace. The music is decidedly pleasing and the orchestration clever. It contains the number of movements usual in a symphony, but the opening one is not in strict form, and this, together with the light character of the "Carnival" finale, probably induced the composer to call it a Suite de Concert. But there were two novelties. An overture, "Morte d'Arthur," by Dr. Bridge, written in 1885, was given for the first time in London. Tennyson's poem has, of course, furnished the subject. We leave those who are so disposed to discover the "Arthur" the "Lake" motives, &c.; but we prefer to look at it as abstract music, and see in it a very creditable effort of an English composer. It is perhaps a little spun out, and the influence of Weber is, at times, very strong; but it is well constructed and well scored. The second novelty was an Aria by Beethoven, lately published, sung by Mr. Henschel. The words are from Goethe's "Claudine von Villa Bella." The song is lively, but it is very early Beethoven, and might even pass for Mozart's. It was well rendered.

Mr. AND Mrs. HENSCHEL gave the first of a series of three vocal recitals at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The programme was varied and interesting, and included songs of many schools and styles. Mrs. Henschel, though not in her best form, sang with perfect taste some of Schubert's songs, among which "Die junge Nonne," and the seldom heard "Dass sie hier gewesen." Mr. Henschel gave with much feeling a simple but pleasing aria from Haydn's "Orfeo," and with humour the quaint scene from "Il Maestro di Musica" of Pergolesi. Loewe's "Erl-King" proved an attractive novelty. Schubert's "Erl-King" has of course ousted it from popularity; but it is, nevertheless, a setting of Goethe's words of some power, and as a dramatic conception perhaps equal to Schubert, and, at the close, even finer. The concert-givers also sang duets by Handel, Henschel, and Saint-Saëns. There was a good attendance. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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